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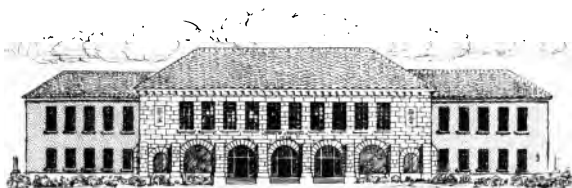
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"They hauled forth handfuls of yellow pieces." [See page 82.]

GRADED LITERATURE READERS

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SEVENTH BOOK



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PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject-matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject-matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons on scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color—many of them photographs from nature—will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades,

INTRODUCTION

THE selections in this Seventh Reader are a moderate, but distinct, advance over those in the Sixth Reader, in thought, in language, and in literary construction.

The teacher may continue to place emphasis on the literary side of the reading, pointing out beauties of language and thought, and endeavoring to create an interest in the books from which the selections are taken. Pupils will be glad to know something about the lives of the authors whose works they are reading, and will welcome the biographical sketches throughout the book. These can be made the basis of further biographical study at the discretion of the teacher.

The word lists at the end of the selections contain all necessary explanations of the text.

A basal series of readers can do little more than broadly outline a course in reading, relying on the teacher to carry it forward. If a public library is within reach, the children should be encouraged to use it; if not, the school should exert every effort to accumulate a school library of standard works to which the pupils may have ready access.

The primary purpose of a reading book is to give pupils the mastery of the printed page, but through oral reading it also becomes a source of valuable training of the vocal organs. Almost every one finds pleasure in listening to good reading. Many feel that the power to give this pleasure comes only as a natural gift, but an analysis of the art shows that with practice any normal child may acquire it. The qualities which are essential to good oral reading may be considered in three *groups*:

First—An agreeable voice and clear articulation, which, although possessed by many children naturally, may also be cultivated.

Second—Correct inflection and emphasis, with that due regard for rhetorical pauses which will appear whenever a child fully understands what he is reading and is sufficiently interested in it to lose his self-consciousness.

Third—Proper pronunciation, which can be acquired only by association or by direct teaching.

Clear articulation implies accurate utterance of each syllable and a distinct termination of one syllable before another is begun.

Frequent drill on pronunciation and articulation before or after the reading lesson will be found profitable in teaching the proper pronunciation of new words and in overcoming faulty habits of speech.

Attention should be called to the omission of unaccented syllables in such words as *history* (not *histry*), *valuable* (not *valuble*), and to the substitution of *unt* for *ent*, *id* for *ed*, *iss* for *ess*, *unce* for *ence*, *in* for *ing*, in such words as *moment*, *delighted*, *goodness*, *sentence*, *walking*. Pupils should also learn to make such distinctions as appear between *u* long, as in *duty*, and *u* after *r*, as in *rude*; between *a* as in *hat*, *a* as in *far*, and *a* as in *ask*.

The above hints are suggestive only. The experienced teacher will devise for herself exercises fitting special cases which arise in her own work. It will be found that the best results are secured when the interest of the class is sustained and when the pupil who is reading aloud is made to feel that it is his personal duty and privilege to arouse and hold this interest by conveying to his fellow-pupils, in an acceptable manner, the thought presented on the printed page.

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SEVENTH READER

An Awkward Twenty Minutes

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER

Sir Samuel White Baker (1821-1893): An English traveler who explored the region around the sources of the White Nile. Among other works descriptive of his travels and adventures, he wrote "The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," from which this selection is taken.

The haunts of the buffalo are in the hottest parts of Ceylon. In the neighborhood of lakes, swamps, and extensive plains, the buffalo exists in large herds; wallowing in the soft mire, and passing two thirds of his time in the water itself, he may be termed almost amphibious. 5

He is about the size of a large ox, of immense bone and strength, very active, and his hide is almost free from hair, giving an unpleasant appearance to his india-rubberlike skin. He carries his head in a peculiar manner, the horns thrown back, and his nose projecting on a level with his forehead, thus securing himself from a front shot in a fatal part. This renders him a dangerous enemy, as he will receive any number of balls from a small gun in the throat and chest, without evincing the least symptom of distress. The shoulder is the acknowl- 10

edged point to aim at, but from his disposition to face the guns this is a difficult shot to obtain. Should he succeed in catching his antagonist, his fury knows no bounds, and he gores his victim to death, trampling and kneeling upon him till he is satisfied that life is extinct.

This sport would not be very dangerous in the forests, where the buffalo could be easily stalked and where escape would also be rendered less difficult in case of accident; but, as he is generally met with upon the open plains, free from a single tree, he must be killed when once brought to bay or he will soon exhibit his qualifications for mischief. There is a degree of uncertainty in their character which much increases the danger of the pursuit. A buffalo may retreat at first sight with every symptom of cowardice and thus induce a too eager pursuit, when he will suddenly become the assailant. I cannot explain their character better than by describing the first wild buffaloes that I ever saw.

I was on a shooting trip, accompanied by my brother, whom I shall designate as B. We had passed a toilsome day in pushing and dragging our ponies for twenty miles along a narrow path through a thick jungle, which half a dozen natives in advance were opening before us with billhooks.

We emerged upon an extensive plain bordered by fine forests. The principal tenants of the plain were wild buffaloes. A herd of about a hundred were lying in a swampy hollow about a quarter of a mile from us. With our two light double-barreled guns, we advanced to the attack.

We had not left the obscurity of the forest many seconds before we were observed. The herd started up

from their muddy bed, and gazed at us with astonishment. It was a fair open plain of some thousand acres, bounded by the forest which we had just quitted on the one side, and by the lake on the other ; thus there was no cover for our advance, and all we could do was to push on. 5

As we approached the herd, they ranged up in a compact body, presenting a very regular line in front. From this line, seven large bulls stepped forth, and from their vicious appearance seemed disposed to show fight. In the meantime we were running up and were soon within 10 thirty paces of them. At this distance, the main body of the herd suddenly wheeled round and thundered across the plain in full retreat. One of the bulls at the same moment charged straight at us, but when 15 within twenty paces of the guns, he turned to one side and instantly received two balls in the shoulder, B. and I having fired at the same moment. As luck would have it, his bladebone was thus broken and he fell upon his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, he retreated on three legs to the water. 20

We now received assistance from an unexpected quarter. One of the large bulls, his companion, charged after him with great fury, and soon overtaking the wounded beast, he struck him full in the side, throwing him over with a great shock on the muddy border of 25 the lake. Here the wounded animal lay, unable to rise, and his conqueror commenced a slow retreat across the plain.

Leaving B. to finish the wounded buffalo, I gave chase to the retreating bull. At an easy canter he would gain 30 *a hundred paces*, and then, turning, he would face me ;

throwing his nose up, and turning his head to one side with a short grunt, he would advance quickly for a few paces and then again retreat as I continued to approach.

5 In this manner, he led me a chase of about a mile along the banks of the lake, but he appeared determined not to bring the fight to an issue at close quarters. So I fired a long shot at him, and, reloading my last spare ball, I continued the chase, led on by ignorance and excitement.
10 ment.

The lake in one part stretched in a narrow creek into the plain, and the bull now directed his course into the angle formed by this turn. I thought that I had him in a corner, and, redoubling my exertions, I gained upon
15 him considerably. He retreated slowly to the very edge of the creek, and I had gained so fast upon him that I was not thirty paces distant, when he plunged into the water and commenced swimming across the creek. This was not more than sixty yards in breadth, and I knew that
20 I could now bring him to action.

Running round the borders of the creek as fast as I could, I arrived at the opposite side on his intended landing place just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallows, into which I had
25 waded knee-deep to meet him. I now experienced that pleasure as he stood sullenly eying me within fifteen paces.

I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke of the barrel passed to one side; there he stood, he had not
30 *flinched*; *he literally* had not moved a muscle. The

only change that had taken place was in his eye ; this, which had been hitherto merely sullen, was now beaming with fury ; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed ; had it not been for this fact, I should not have believed him struck.

Annoyed at the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left-hand barrel at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake, but there he stood as though he bore a charmed life ; an increased flow of blood from the wound and additional luster in his eye were the only signs of his being struck.

I was unloaded and had not a single ball remaining. It was now his turn. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we stared each other out of countenance.

With a short grunt he suddenly sprang forward, but fortunately, as I did not move, he halted ; he had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces. I began to think buffalo shooting somewhat dangerous and I would have given something to have been a mile away, but ten times as much to have had my four-ounce rifle in my hand. Oh, how I longed for that rifle in this moment of suspense ! Unloaded, without the power of defense, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting knife, — a useless weapon against such a foe.

Knowing that B. was not aware of my situation at the distance which separated us, — about a mile, — without

taking my eyes from the figure before me, I raised my hand to my mouth and gave a long and loud whistle ; this was a signal that I knew would be soon answered if heard.

With a stealthy step and another short grunt, the bull again advanced a couple of paces toward me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water and stamping violently with his fore feet. I gave myself up for lost, but putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared hopelessly at my maddened antagonist.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpenny pieces, and two anna pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying coolies.

Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it into the water, bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant. However, he again halted, being now within about seven paces from me, and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part.

I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century. I now had a charge in my gun, which I knew if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle would certainly floor him, and I awaited his onset with comparative carelessness, still keeping my eyes opposed to his gaze.

At this time I heard a splashing in the water behind me, accompanied by the hard breathing of something evidently distressed. The next moment I heard B.'s voice. He could hardly speak for want of breath, having run the whole way to my rescue, but I could understand that he 5 had only one barrel loaded and no bullets left. I dared not turn my face from the buffalo, but I cautioned B. to reserve his fire till the bull should be close into me, and then to aim at the head.

The words were hardly uttered when, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me! It was the work of an instant. B. fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun barely touched his forehead when I pulled the trigger and three 15 shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge, and away went B. and I as fast as our heels would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead, but only stunned. 20 There was a large fallen tree about half a mile from us, whose whitened branches, rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum. To this we directed our flying steps, and, after a run of a hundred yards, we turned and looked behind us. He had regained his feet and was 25 following us slowly. We now experienced the difference of feeling between hunting and being hunted; and fine sport we must have afforded him.

On he came, but fortunately so stunned by the collision with her Majesty's features upon the coin which he had 30 dared to oppose that he could only reel forward at a slow

canter. By degrees even this pace slackened, and he fell. We were only too glad to be able to reduce our speed likewise, but we had no sooner stopped to breathe than he was again up and after us. At length, however, we gained the tree, and we beheld him with satisfaction stretched powerless upon the ground, but not dead, within two hundred yards of us.

We retreated under cover of the forest to the spot at which we had left the horses, fortunately meeting no opposition from wild animals, and we shortly arrived at the village at which we took up our quarters.

Am phib' (fib) I oñs: able to live both on land and in water. **Ē vīn'qīng**: showing. **Ān'nā**: an East Indian coin worth about two and a half cents. **Cōō'Yeg**: East Indian porters or carriers. **Rqu leau'(lō)**: little roll; a roll of coins put up in paper, or something resembling such a roll. **Mō mēn'tūm**: the power of a moving body, according to its movement and weight; the force with which a body is driven or impelled.

The Burial of Sir John Moore

BY CHARLES WOLFE

Charles Wolfe (1791-1823): An Irish poet and clergyman. He was born at Dublin and took his degree of B.A. at Dublin University. The poem given below was so admired that even while its author's name was unknown, and it was ascribed to Campbell, Byron, etc., it had won for itself a secure place in the heart of the nation.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,15
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, — 20
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our weary task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun 25
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
 But we left him alone with his glory.

Sir John Moore was an English general in command of an English army in the Peninsular War. After the capture of Madrid by Napoleon, Moore retreated before the French to Corunna in Northwest Spain, and was killed while superintending the embarkation of his troops, January 16, 1809. It was necessary to bury him on the spot. **Corse**: corpse.

Catherine's Discovery

BY JANE AUSTEN

Jane Austen (1775–1817): An English author. She wrote "Sense and Sensibility," "Northanger Abbey," "Pride and Prejudice," and several other novels. Her characters are drawn from the middle rank of English society, and are remarkable for their truth to human nature.

This selection is from "Northanger Abbey." Catherine Morland, a young lady who is very fond of reading tales of mystery, has arrived on a visit at Northanger Abbey, the home of General Tilney. The general's son, Henry, has mischievously tried to alarm her with stories of haunted chambers, mysterious cabinets, and other marvels. She goes to her bedroom after a dinner party.

I

5 The night was stormy; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole afternoon; and by the time the party broke up, it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as *she crossed the hall*, listened to the tempest with sensa-

tions of awe; and when she heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building, and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds: they brought to her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes which such buildings had witnessed and such storms ushered in; and most heartily did she rejoice in the happier circumstances attending her entrance within walls so solemn! But, in a house so furnished and so guarded, she could have nothing to explore or to suffer, and might go to her bedroom as securely as if it had been her own chamber at home.

Thus wisely fortifying her mind as she proceeded upstairs, she was enabled to enter her room with a tolerably stout heart; and her spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire.

"How much better is this," said she, as she walked to the fender, "how much better to find a fire ready lit than to have to wait shivering in the cold till all the family are in bed, as so many poor girls have been obliged to do, and then to have a faithful old servant frightening one by coming in with a fagot!"

She looked round the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It could be nothing but the violence of the wind penetrating through the divisions of the shutters; and she stepped boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure herself of its being so, peeped courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on either low window seat to scare, and, on placing a hand against the shutter, felt the strongest conviction of the wind's force.

She scorned the causeless fears of an idle fancy, and began with a most happy indifference to prepare herself for bed.

“She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up her fire; that would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she were in bed.”

The fire, therefore, died away; and Catherine was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high, old-fashioned black cabinet which had not caught her notice before. She took her candle and looked closely at the cabinet. It was Japan, black and yellow Japan, of the handsomest kind; and as she held her candle, the yellow had very much the effect of gold.

The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into it; not, however, with the smallest expectation of finding anything, but it was so very odd. In short, she could not sleep till she had examined it. So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very tremulous hand and tried to turn it, but it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed but not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew, and she believed herself successful; but, how strangely mysterious! the door was still immovable.

She paused a moment in breathless wonder. The wind roared down the chimney, the rain beat in torrents against the windows, and everything seemed to speak the awfulness of her situation. To retire to bed, however, unsatis-



It resisted her utmost strength

fied on such a point, would be vain, since sleep must be impossible with the consciousness of a cabinet so mysteriously closed in her immediate vicinity.

Again, therefore, she applied herself to the key, and, after moving it in every possible way for some instants, with the determined celerity of hope's last effort, the door suddenly yielded to her hand. Her heart leaped with exultation at such a victory; and, having thrown open each folding door, the second being secured only by 10 bolts of less wonderful construction than the lock, though in that her eye could not discern anything unusual, a double range of small drawers appeared in view with some larger drawers above and below them, and in the center a small door, closed also with lock and key, secured 15 in all probability a cavity of importance.

Catherine's heart beat quick, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle of a drawer, and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. 20 With less alarm and greater eagerness, she seized a second, a third, a fourth — each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and in not one was anything found. Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape 25 her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle alone remained now unexplored. It was some time, however, before she could unfasten the door, the same difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock as of the outer; but at 30 length it did open; and not vain, as hitherto, was her *search; her quick eye directly fell on a roll of paper*

pushed back into the farther part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, and her cheeks grew pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written 5 characters; and she resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm; but there was no danger of its sudden extinction, it had yet some hours to burn; and 10 that she might not have any greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what its ancient date might occasion, she hastily snuffed it. Alas! it was snuffed and extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, 15 was motionless with horror. It was done completely; not a remnant of light in the wick could give hope to the rekindling breath. Darkness impenetrable and immovable filled the room.

A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added 20 fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from head to foot. In the pause which succeeded, a sound like receding footsteps and the closing of a distant door struck on her affrighted ear. Human nature could support no more. A cold sweat stood on her forehead; the manu- 25 script fell from her hand; and, groping her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the clothes.

II

To close her eyes in sleep that night she felt must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened and feelings in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible. The storm, too, abroad so
5 dreadful! She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed fraught with awful intelligence. The manuscript so wonderfully found, how was it to be accounted for? What could it contain? To whom could it relate? By what means could it have
10 been so long concealed? and how singularly strange that it should fall to her lot to discover it! Till she had made herself mistress of its contents, however, she could have neither repose nor comfort; and with the sun's first rays she was determined to peruse it.

15 But many were the tedious hours which must yet intervene. She shuddered, tossed about in her bed, and envied every quiet sleeper. The storm still raged, and various were the noises, more terrific even than the wind, which struck at intervals on her startled ear. The very
20 curtains of her bed seemed at one moment in motion; and at another the lock of her door was agitated, as if by the attempt of somebody to enter. Hollow murmurs seemed to creep along the gallery, and more than once her blood was chilled by the sound of distant moans.
25 Hour after hour passed away, and the wearied Catherine had heard three proclaimed by all the clocks in the house before the tempest subsided, or she unknowingly fell fast asleep.

The housemaid's folding back her window shutters at

eight o'clock the next day was the sound which first roused Catherine; and she opened her eyes, wondering that they could ever have been closed, on objects of cheerfulness. Her fire was already burning, and a bright morning had succeeded the tempest of the night. 5

Instantaneously, with the consciousness of existence, returned her recollection of the manuscript; and springing from the bed in the very moment of the maid's going away, she eagerly collected every scattered sheet which had burst from the roll on its falling to the ground, and 10 flew back to enjoy the luxury of their perusal on her pillow. She now plainly saw that she must not expect a manuscript of equal length with the generality of what she had shuddered over in books; for the roll, seeming to consist entirely of small, disjointed sheets, was altogether 15 but of trifling size, and much less than she had supposed it to be at first.

Her greedy eye glanced rapidly over a page. She started at its import. Could it be possible, or did not her senses play her false? An inventory of linen, in 20 coarse and modern characters, seemed all that was before her! If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing bill in her hand. She seized another sheet, and saw the same articles with little variation; a third, a fourth, and a fifth presented nothing new. Shirts, stockings, cravats, and waistcoats faced her in each. Two others, penned by the same hand, marked an expenditure scarcely more interesting, in letters, hair powders, and shoe strings; and the larger sheet, which had inclosed the rest, seemed by its first cramp line, "To poultice 30 chestnut mare," a farrier's bill!

Such was the collection of papers — left, perhaps, as she could then suppose, by the negligence of a servant, in the place whence she had taken them — which had filled her with expectation and alarm, and robbed her of half her night's rest ! She felt humbled to the dust. Impatient to get rid of those hateful evidences of her folly, those detestable papers scattered over the bed, she rose directly, and, folding them up as nearly as possible in the same shape as before, returned them to the same spot within the cabinet, with a very hearty wish that no untoward accident might ever bring them forward again, to disgrace her even with herself.

Why the locks should have been so difficult to open, however, was still something remarkable, for she could
15 now manage them with perfect ease. In this there seemed something mysterious. She indulged in the flattering suggestion for half a minute, till the possibility of the door having been at first unlocked, and of herself being its fastener, darted into her head and cost her another
20 blush.

I. **Vī çin'ī tŷ**: neighborhood. **Çē lēr'ī tŷ**: quickness; swiftness.

II. **Ĭn'vĕn tò rŷ**: list. **Fă'r'ri ĕr**: one who shoes and doctors horses. **Ŭn tō'ward**: unlucky; vexatious.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.

— PROVERBS.

The Confederate Soldier

BY H. W. GRADY

Henry Woodfin Grady (1851-1889): An American journalist and orator. He is best known by several addresses describing the condition of the South during and since the war between the states. This selection is from "The New South," an address delivered in New York at the banquet of the New England Society, December 21, 1886.

The speaker has drawn for you of the North, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will 5 you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home? Let 10 me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-15 hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins 20 the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find in the *welcome you had justly earned full payment for four*

years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins; his farm devastated; his slaves free; his stock killed; his barns empty; his trade destroyed; his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain; and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering; and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution we await with confidence the verdict *of the world.*

The speaker: Dr. Thomas De Witt Talmage, a distinguished clergyman and lecturer, whose speech had preceded Grady's. **Pà rôle'**: promise upon one's faith and honor to fulfill stated conditions, as not to bear arms against one's captors, or the like. **Dév'as tāt éd**: laid waste. **Feū'dal**: like the feudal system of the Middle Ages, by which a vassal or tenant held land, giving service to his superior and receiving service from his inferior. **Stā'tūs**: state; position.

My Heart's in the Highlands

BY ROBERT BURNS

Robert Burns (1759–1796): A Scotch poet. His poems are characterized by simplicity and intensity of feeling and imagination. He wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Twa Dogs," "Tam o' Shanter," and many exquisite songs and shorter poems.



Robert Burns

5

My heart's in the Highlands,
my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands
a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and
following the roe,

My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth :
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

10

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 n My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here.
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Straths: a Scotch name for river valleys.

An Escape from the Press Gang

BY THOMAS HARDY

Thomas Hardy (1840 —): An English novelist and architect. He has written "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Trumpet Major," and other novels.

This selection is from "The Trumpet Major." The scene is laid in England in 1805—when England was at war with France, and was in daily expectation of a descent upon the coast by Napoleon. The English coasts were well guarded by the navy, and seamen on shore were all liable to be impressed for service. Bob Loveday, the sailor son of Miller Loveday, had given up the sea and was helping his father at the mill. One night he returned to the mill with his half-sister, Anne Garland, from a visit to the theater at the neighboring seaport of Weymouth, where they had heard that a press gang belonging to a frigate called the *Black Diamond* was on shore looking for hands.

I

Having reached the privacy of her own room, Anne
 10 threw open the window, for she had not the slightest
 intention of going to bed just yet. The tale of the *Black*

Diamond had disturbed her by a slow, insidious process that was worse than sudden fright. Her window looked into the court before the house, now wrapped in the shadow of the trees and the hill; and she leaned upon its sill, listening intently. She could have heard any 5 strange sound distinctly enough in one direction, but in the other all low noises were absorbed in the patter of the mill and the rush of water down the race.

However, what she heard came from the hitherto silent side, and was intelligible in a moment as being the foot-10 steps of men. She tried to think they were some late stragglers from Weymouth. Alas! no; the tramp was too regular for that of villagers. She hastily turned, extinguished the candle, and listened again. As they were on the main road, there was, after all, every prob-15 ability that the party would pass the bridge which gave access to the mill court without turning in upon it or even noticing that such an entrance existed. In this again she was disappointed; they crossed into the front without a pause. One of the men spoke. "I am not sure that we 20 are in the right place," he said.

"This is a mill, anyhow," said another.

"There's lots about here."

"Then come this way a moment with your light."

Two of the group went toward the cart house on the 25 opposite side of the yard, and, when they reached it, a dark lantern was opened, the rays being directed upon the front of the miller's wagon.

"'Loveday and Son, Overcombe Mill!'" continued the man, reading from the wagon. "'Son,' you see, is lately 30 painted in. *That's our man.*"

He moved to turn off the light, but before he had done so, it flashed over the forms of the speakers and revealed a sergeant, a naval officer, and a file of marines.

Anne waited to see no more. When Bob stayed up to grind as he was doing to-night, he often sat in his room instead of remaining all the time in the mill; and this room was an isolated chamber over the bakehouse, which could not be reached without going downstairs and ascending the step-ladder that served for his staircase. Anne descended in the dark, clambered up the ladder, and saw that light strayed through the chink below the door. His window faced toward the garden, and hence the light could not as yet have been seen by the press gang.

"Bob, dear Bob!" she said, through the keyhole. "Put out your light, and run out of the back door!"

"Why?" said Bob, leisurely knocking the ashes from the pipe he had been smoking.

"The press gang!"

"They have come? Who can have blown upon me? All right, dearest, I'm game."

Anne, scarcely knowing what she did, descended the ladder and ran to the back door, hastily unbolting it to save Bob's time, and gently opening it in readiness for him. She had no sooner done this than she felt hands laid upon her shoulder from without, and a voice exclaiming, "That's how we do it—quite an obliging young man!"

Though the hands held her rather roughly, Anne did not mind for herself, and turning, she cried desperately, in tones intended to reach Bob's ears, "They are at the back door; try the front!"

But inexperienced Miss Garland little knew the shrewd habits of the gentlemen she had to deal with, who, well used to this sort of pastime, had already posted themselves at every outlet from the premises.

"Bring the lantern," shouted the fellow who held her. 5
 "Why, 'tis a girl! I half thought so. Here is a way in," he continued to his comrades, hastening to the foot of the ladder which led to Bob's room.

"What d'ye want?" said Bob, quietly opening the door and showing himself still radiant in the full dress 10 that he had worn with such effect at Weymouth at the Theater Royal, which he had been about to change for his mill suit when Anne gave the alarm.

"This gentleman can't be the right one," observed a marine, rather impressed by Bob's appearance. 15

"Yes, yes; that's the man," said the sergeant. "Now take it quietly, my young cock-o'-wax. You look as if you meant to, and 'tis wise of ye."

"Where are you going to take me?" said Bob.

"Only aboard the *Black Diamond*. If you choose to 20 take the bounty and come voluntarily, you'll be allowed to go ashore whenever your ship's in port. If you don't, and we've got to pinion ye, you will not have your liberty at all. As you must come, willy nilly, you'll do the first if you've any brains whatever." 25

Bob's temper began to rise. "Don't talk so large about your pinioning, my man. When I've settled —"

"Now or never, young blowhard," interrupted his informant.

"Come, what jabber is this going on?" said the lieu- 30 tenant, stepping forward. "Bring your man."

II

One of the marines set foot on the ladder, but at the same moment a shoe from Bob's hand hit the lantern with well-aimed directness, knocking it clean out of the grasp of the man who held it. In spite of the darkness they began to scramble up the ladder. Bob thereupon shut the door, which, being but of slight construction, was, as he knew, only a momentary defense. But it gained him time enough to open the window, gather up his legs upon the sill, and spring across into the apple tree growing without. He alighted without much hurt beyond a few scratches from the boughs, a shower of falling apples testifying to the force of his leap.

"Here he is!" shouted several below, who had seen Bob's figure flying like a raven's across the sky.

15 There was stillness for a moment in the tree. Then the fugitive made haste to climb out upon a low-hanging branch toward the garden, at which the men beneath all rushed in that direction to catch him as he dropped, saying: "You may as well come down, old boy. 'Twas
20 a spry jump and we give you credit for it."

The latter movement of Loveday had been a mere feint. Partly hidden by leaves, he glided back to the other part of the tree, from whence it was easy to jump upon a thatch-covered outhouse. This intention they did not appear to
25 suspect, which gave him the opportunity of sliding down the slope and entering the back door of the mill.

"He's here, he's here!" the men exclaimed, running back from the tree.

By this time they had obtained another light, and

pursued him closely along the back quarters of the mill. Bob had entered the lower room, seized hold of the chain by which the flour sacks were hoisted from story to story by connection with the mill wheel, and pulled the rope that hung alongside for the purpose of throwing it into 5 gear. The foremost pursuers arrived just in time to see Captain Bob's legs and shoe buckles vanishing through the trap-door overhead, his person having been whirled up by the machinery like any bag of flour, and the trap falling to behind him. 10

"He's gone up by the hoist!" said the sergeant, running up the ladder in the corner to the next floor, and elevating the light just in time to see Bob's suspended figure ascending in the same way through the same sort of trap into the second floor. The second trap also fell 15 together behind him, and he was lost to view as before.

It was more difficult to follow now; there was only a flimsy little ladder, and the men ascended cautiously. When they stepped out upon the loft it was empty.

"He must have let go here," said one of the marines, 20 who knew more about mills than the others. "If he had held fast a moment longer, he would have been dashed against that beam."

They looked up. The hook by which Bob had held on had ascended to the roof, and was winding around the 25 cylinder. Nothing was visible elsewhere but boarded divisions like the stalls of a stable, on each side of the stage they stood upon, these compartments being more or less heaped up with wheat and barley in the grain.

"Perhaps he's buried himself in the corn." 30

The whole crew jumped into the corn bins and stirred

about their yellow contents ; but neither arm, leg, nor coat-tail was uncovered. They removed sacks, peeped among the rafters of the roof, but to no purpose. The lieutenant began to fume at the loss of time.

5 "What fools to let the man go! Why, look here! What's this?" He had opened the door by which sacks were taken in from wagons without, and dangling from the cathead projecting above it was the rope used in lifting them. "There's the way he went down," the
10 officer continued. "The man's gone."

Amidst mumblings and growls the gang descended the pair of ladders and came into the open air ; but Captain Bob was nowhere to be seen. They turned from the door, and leaving four of the marines to keep watch round the house,
15 the remainder of the party marched into the lane as far as where another road branched off. While they were pausing to decide which course to take, one of the soldiers held up the light. A black object was discernible upon the ground before them, and they found it to be a hat—
20 the hat of Bob Loveday.

"We are on the track," cried the sergeant, deciding for this direction.

They tore on rapidly, and footsteps previously heard became audible again, increasing in clearness, which told
25 that they gained upon the fugitive, who in another five minutes stopped and turned. The rays of the candle fell upon Anne.

"What do you want?" she said, showing her frightened face.

30 They made no reply, but wheeled round and left her. *She sank down on the bank to rest, having done all she*



The rays of the candle fell upon Anne

could. It was she who had taken down Bob's hat from a nail and dropped it at the turning, with the view of misleading them till he should have got clear off.

But Anne Garland was too anxious to remain long away from the center of operations. When she got back, she found that the press gang were standing in the court discussing their next move.

"Waste no more time here," the lieutenant said. "Two more villages to visit to-night, and the nearest three miles off. There's nobody else in this place, and we can't come back again."

When they were moving away, one of the marines, who had kept his eye on Anne and noticed her distress, con-

trived to say in a whisper, as he passed her : " We are coming back again as soon as it begins to get light ; that's only said to deceive ye. Keep the young man out of the way."

5 They went as they had come ; and the little household then met together, Mrs. Loveday having by this time dressed herself and come down. Anne mentioned what the friendly marine had told her ; and fearing lest Bob was in the house, and would be discovered there when daylight
10 came, they searched and called for him everywhere.

" Well," said Loveday, " you two go and lie down now, and I'll bide up ; and as soon as he comes in, which he'll do most likely in the course of the night, I'll let him know that they are coming again."

15 Anne and Mrs. Loveday went to their bedrooms, and the miller entered the mill as if he were simply staying up to grind. But he continually left the flour chute to go outside and walk round. Each time he could see no living being near the spot.

III

20 At length the curtains of Anne's bed began to reveal their pattern, and day dawned. But while the light was no more than a suffusion of pallor, she arose, put on her hat, and determined to explore the surrounding premises before the men arrived. Emerging into the raw loneli-
25 ness of the daybreak, she went upon the bridge and looked up and down the road. It was as she had left it, empty, and the solitude was rendered yet more insistent by the silence of the mill wheel, which was now stopped, the *miller having given up expecting Bob and retired to bed*

about three o'clock. The footprints of the marines still remained in the dust on the bridge, all the heelmarks toward the house, showing that the party had not as yet returned.

While she lingered she heard a slight noise in the other 5 direction, and, turning, saw a woman approaching. The woman came up quickly, and, to her amazement, Anne recognized Matilda, an old friend of Bob's. She had plainly walked all the way from Weymouth, for her shoes were covered with dust. 10

"Have the press gang been here?" she gasped. "If not, they are coming!"

"They have been."

"And got him — I am too late!"

"No; they are coming back again. Why did you —" 15

"I came to try to save him. Can we save him? Where is he?"

Anne looked thē woman in the face, and it was impossible to doubt that she was in earnest.

"I don't know," she answered. "I am trying to find 20 him before they come."

"Will you not let me help you?" cried the repentant Matilda. She had quarreled with Bob, and it was she who, out of spite, had given the press gang information as to his whereabouts. She had risen before day and hastened 25 thitherward to know the worst, and, if possible, hinder consequences which she had been the first to set in train.

After going hither and thither in the adjoining field, Anne entered the garden. The walks were bathed in gray dew, and, as she passed observantly along them, it 30 appeared as if they had been brushed by some foot at a

much earlier hour. At the end of the garden, bushes of broom, laurel, and yew formed a constantly encroaching shrubbery that had come there almost by chance and was never trimmed.

5 Behind these bushes was a garden seat, and upon it lay Bob, sound asleep.

The ends of his hair were clotted with damp, and there was a foggy film upon the mirror-like buttons of his coat and upon the buckles of his shoes. His bunch of new
10 gold seals was dimmed by the same insidious dampness; his shirt frill and muslin neckcloth were limp as seaweed. It was plain that he had been there a long time. Anne shook him, but he did not awake, his breathing being low and stertorous.

15 "Shake him again," said Matilda.

Anne shook him again, but he slept on. Then she noticed that his forehead bore the mark of a heavy wound.

"I fancy I hear something!" said her companion, starting forward, and endeavoring to wake Bob herself. "He
20 is stunned or drugged!" she said; "there's no rousing him."

Anne raised her head and listened. From the direction of the eastern road came the sound of a steady tramp. "They are coming back!" she said, clasping her hands.
25 "They will take him, ill as he is! He won't open his eyes — no, it is no use! Oh, what shall we do?"

Matilda did not reply, but running to the end of the seat on which Bob lay, tried its weight in her arms.

"It is not too heavy," she said. "You take that end,
30 and I'll take this. We'll carry him away to some place of hiding."

Anne instantly seized the other end, and they proceeded with their burden at a slow pace to the lower garden gate, which they reached as the tread of the press gang resounded over the bridge that gave access to the mill court, now hidden from view by the hedge and the trees 5 of the garden.

"We will go down inside this field," said Anne, faintly.

"No," said the other, "they will see our foot tracks in the dew. We must go into the road."

"It is the very road they will come down when they 10 leave the mill."

"It cannot be helped ; it is neck or nothing with us now."

So they emerged upon the road, and staggered along without speaking, occasionally resting for a moment to ease 15 their arms ; then, shaking him to arouse him, and finding it useless, seizing the seat again. When they had gone about two hundred yards, Matilda betrayed signs of exhaustion, and she asked, "Is there no shelter near?"

"When we get to that little field of corn," said Anne. 20

"It is so very far. Surely there is some place near?"

She pointed to a few scrubby bushes overhanging a little stream which passed under the road near this point.

"They are not thick enough," said Anne.

"Let us take him under the bridge," said Matilda. 25
"I can go no farther."

Entering the opening by which cattle descended to drink, they waded into the weedy water, which here rose a few inches above their ankles. To ascend the stream, stoop under the arch, and reach the center of the road-30 way, was *the work of a few minutes.*



The gang passed the arch

“If they look under the arch we are lost,” murmured Anne.

“There is no parapet to the bridge, and they may pass over without heeding.”

5 They waited, their heads almost in contact with the reeking arch and their feet encircled by the stream, which was at its summer lowness now. A quarter of an hour dragged by, and then indications reached their ears that the reëxamination of the mill had begun and ended.
 10 The well-known tramp drew nearer.

The gang passed the arch, and the noise regularly diminished as if no man among them had thought of *looking aside for a moment*.

Matilda broke the silence. "I wonder if they have left a watch behind?" she said doubtfully.

"I will go and see," said Anne. "Wait till I return."

"No; I can do no more. When you come back I shall be gone."

5

Anne went out from the water and hastened toward the mill. She entered by the garden, and seeing no one, advanced and peeped in at the window. Her mother and Mr. Loveday were sitting within as usual.

"Are they all gone?" said Anne, softly.

10

"Yes. They did not trouble us much, beyond going into every room and searching about the garden, where they saw steps. They have been lucky to-night; they have caught fifteen or twenty men at places farther on, so the loss of Bob was no hurt to their feelings. I wonder where in the world the poor fellow is!"

"I will show you," said Anne. Explaining in a few words what had happened, she was promptly followed by Loveday along the road. Matilda was gone, and Bob lay on the seat as she had left him.

20

Bob was brought out and water thrown upon his face; but though he moved he did not rouse himself until some time after he had been borne into the house. Here he opened his eyes and saw them standing round, and gathered a little consciousness.

25

"You are all right, my boy!" said his father. "What happened to ye? Where did you get that terrible blow?"

"Ah—I can mind now," murmured Bob, with a stupefied gaze around. "I fell in slipping down the topsail hal-yard—the rope, that is, was too short—and I fell upon my head. And then I went away. When I came back

30

I thought I wouldn't disturb ye; so I lay down out there to sleep out the watch; but the pain in my head was so great that I couldn't get to sleep. So I picked some of the poppy heads in the border, which I once heard was a good thing for sending folks to sleep when they are in pain. So I munched up all I could find and dropped off quite nicely."

"Why, you might never have woke again!" said Mrs. Loveday, holding up her hands. "How is your head now?"

"I hardly know," replied the young man, putting his hand to his forehead and beginning to doze again. "Where be those fellows that boarded us? With this — smooth water and — fine breeze we ought to get away from 'em. Haul in — the larboard braces, and — bring her to the wind."

"You are at home, dear Bob," said Anne, bending over him, "and the men are gone."

"Come along upstairs; thou art hardly awake now," said his father; and Bob was assisted to bed.

I. **Mā rīnē'**: soldiers serving on shipboard. **Ī'sō lā tād**: separated from others; placed by itself. **Boun'ty**: a premium given to induce men to enlist in the public service. **Wil'ty nil'ty**: whether one will or not; without choice.

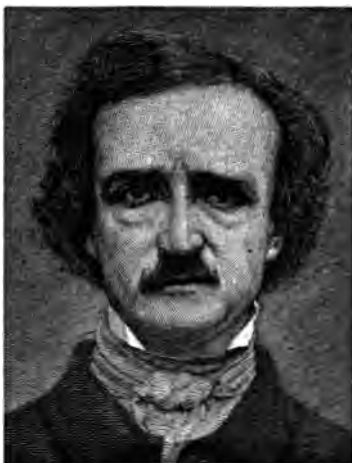
II. **Fēint**: pretense; trick. **Cāt'hēad**: a projecting piece of timber or iron. **Bide**: stay; wait.

III. **Sūf fū'sion** (zhūn): overspreading. **Stēr'tō roūs**: breathing hoarsely; snoring. **Hāl'yard**: rope for hoisting or lowering sails.

Annabel Lee

By E. A. POE

Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849): An American author. His poems are remarkable for melody, and, like his stories, are weird, original, and possess a peculiar fascination. His principal poems are “The Bells,” “The Raven,” “Annabel Lee,” and “Ulalume.” Among his tales are “The Gold Bug,” “The Black Cat,” “A Ms. Found in a Bottle,” and “The Purloined Letter.”



Edgar Allan Poe

It was many and many a
year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know

By the name of Annabel Lee;

5

And this maiden she lived with no other thought

Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,

In this kingdom by the sea;

But we loved with a love that was more than love,

10

I and my Annabel Lee;

With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven

Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago

In this kingdom by the sea,

15

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 So that her high-born kinsman came
 And bore her away from me,
 5 To shut her up in a sepulcher
 In this kingdom by the sea.
 The angels, not half so happy in heaven
 Went envying her and me ;
 Yes ! that was the reason — as all men know,
 10 In this kingdom by the sea —
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we —
 15 Of many far wiser than we ;
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 20 For the moon never beams without bringing me dream
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side
 25 Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
 In her sepulcher there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Sēr'aphs (*afs*) : angels. *Sēp'ul-ehēr* : grave ; tomb.

The Discovery of Peru

By W. H. PRESCOTT

William Hickling Prescott (1795–1859), an eminent American historian. His style is remarkable for its spirit, clearness, and grace. His works, “The Conquest of Peru,” “The Conquest of Mexico,” and “Ferdinand and Isabella,” are about Spain and her conquests.

The following selection is from “The Conquest of Peru.” Francisco Pizarro (1475–1538) was a Spanish adventurer, who had accompanied Balboa on his expedition to the New World. In 1524 Pizarro, in a small vessel with about one hundred men, set sail in search of a land of gold, said to lie to the south of Mexico. He persisted in his enterprise in spite of conflicts with the natives and the opposition and rebellion of his followers. After great hardships by both sea and land, he reached the empire of Peru.

I

While the whole eastern coast of the American continent had been explored and the central portion of it colonized, even after the brilliant achievement of the Mexican conquest, the veil was not yet raised that hung over the golden shores of the Pacific. 5

Floating rumors had reached the Spaniards, from time to time, of countries in the far west, teeming with the metal they so much coveted ; but the first distinct notice of Peru was about the year 1511, when Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Southern Sea, was weighing 10 some gold which he had collected from the natives.

A young barbarian chieftain, who was present, struck the scales with his fist, and, scattering the glittering metal around the *apartment*, exclaimed, “If this is what you

prize so much that you are willing to leave your distant homes, and risk even life itself for it, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels, and gold is as cheap as iron is with you."

5 It was not long after this startling intelligence that Balboa achieved the formidable adventure of scaling the mountain rampart of the isthmus which divides the two mighty oceans from each other; when, armed with sword and buckler, he rushed into the waters of the Pacific, and
10 cried out in the true chivalrous vein, that "he claimed this unknown sea with all that it contained for the king of Castile, and that he would make good the claim against all, Christian or infidel, who dared to gainsay it." All the broad continent and sunny isles washed by the waters
15 of the Southern Ocean! Little did the bold cavalier comprehend the full import of his magnificent vaunt.

On this spot he received more explicit tidings of the Peruvian empire, heard proofs recounted of its civilization, and was shown drawings of the llama, which, to the
20 European eye, seemed a species of the Arabian camel. But, although he steered his caravel for these golden realms and even pushed his discoveries some twenty leagues south of the Gulf of St. Michael, the adventure was not reserved for him.

25 Floating rumors of the wealth and civilization of a mighty nation at the south were continually reaching the ears and kindling the dreamy imaginations of the Spaniards; and it may seem astonishing that an expedition in that direction should have been so long deferred. But
30 the exact position and distance of this fairy realm were *matter of conjecture*. The long tract of intervening coun-

try was occupied by rude and warlike races ; and the little experience which the Spanish navigators had already had of the neighboring coast and its inhabitants, and still more the tempestuous character of the seas, — for their expeditions had taken place at the most unpropitious seasons 5 of the year, — enhanced the apparent difficulties of the undertaking, and made even their stout hearts shrink from it.

Such was the state of feeling in the little community of Panama for several years after its foundation. Mean- 10 while, the dazzling conquest of Mexico gave a new impulse to the ardor of discovery ; and, in 1524, three men were found in the colony in whom the spirit of adventure triumphed over every consideration of difficulty and danger that obstructed the prosecution of the 15 enterprise. One among them was selected as fitted by his character to conduct it to a successful issue. That man was Francisco Pizarro.

Pizarro set forth with his comrades, and at length the adventurous vessel rounded the point of St. Helena, and 20 glided smoothly into the waters of the beautiful Gulf of Guayaquil. The country was here studded along the shore with towns and villages, though the mighty chain of the Cordilleras, sweeping up abruptly from the coast, left but a narrow strip of emerald verdure, through 25 which numerous rivulets, spreading fertility around them, wound their way to the sea.

The voyagers were now abreast of some of the most stupendous heights of this magnificent range : Chimbo- 30 razo, with its broad round summit towering like the dome of the Andes, and Cotopaxi, with its dazzling cone

of silvery white, that knows no change except from the action of its own volcanic fires,—for this mountain is the most terrible of the American volcanoes, and was in formidable activity at no great distance from the period
5 of our narrative.

Well pleased with the signs of civilization that opened on them at every league of their progress, the Spaniards at length approached the city of Tumbes. As they drew near, they beheld a town of considerable size,
10 with many of the buildings apparently of stone and plaster, situated in the bosom of a fruitful meadow, which seemed to have been redeemed from the sterility of the surrounding country by careful and minute irrigation. When at some distance from shore, Pizarro saw
15 standing toward him several large balsas, which were found to be filled with warriors going on an expedition against the island of Puna.

Running alongside of the Indian flotilla, he invited some of the chiefs to come on board of his vessel. The
20 Peruvians gazed with wonder on every object which met their eyes, and especially on their own countrymen, whom they had little expected to meet there. The latter informed them in what manner they had fallen into the hands of the strangers, whom they described
25 as a wonderful race of beings that had come thither for no harm, but solely to be made acquainted with the country and its inhabitants.

This account was confirmed by the Spanish commander, who persuaded the Indians to return in their balsas and
30 report what they had learned to their townsmen, requesting them at the same time to provide his vessel with

refreshments, as it was his desire to enter into a friendly intercourse with the natives.

The people of Tumbez were gathered along the shore and were gazing with unutterable amazement on the floating castle, which, now having dropped anchor, rode lazily at its moorings in their bay. They eagerly listened to the accounts of their countrymen, and instantly reported the affair to the curaca, or ruler of the district, who, conceiving that the strangers must be beings of a superior order, prepared at once to comply with their request.

It was not long before several balsas were seen steering for the vessel, laden with bananas, plantains, yucca, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pineapples, cocoanuts, and other rich products of the bountiful vale of Tumbez. Game and fish, also, were added, with a number of llamas, of which Pizarro had seen the rude drawings belonging to Balboa, but of which, till now, he had met with no living specimen. He examined this curious animal, the Peruvian sheep, or, as the Spaniards called it, the "little camel" of the Indians, with much interest, greatly admiring the mixture of wool and hair which supplied the natives with the material for their fabrics.

II

On the day following, the Spanish captain sent one of his own men, named Alonzo de Molina, on shore, accompanied by a negro who had come in the vessel from Panama, together with a present for the curaca, of some swine and poultry, neither of which was indigenous to the New World. Toward evening his emissary returned

with a fresh supply of fruits and vegetables that the friendly people sent to the vessel. Molina had a wondrous tale to tell.

On landing he was surrounded by the natives, who expressed the greatest astonishment at his dress, his fair complexion, and his long beard. The women, especially, manifested great curiosity in respect to him, and Molina seemed to be entirely won by their charms and captivating manners. He probably intimated his satisfaction by his demeanor, since they urged him to stay among them, promising in that case to provide him with a beautiful wife.

Their surprise was equally great at the complexion of his sable companion. They could not believe it was natural, and tried to rub off the imaginary dye with their hands. As the African bore all this with characteristic good humor, displaying at the same time his rows of ivory teeth, they were prodigiously delighted. The animals were no less above their comprehension; and, when the cock crew, the simple people clapped their hands and inquired what he was saying. Their intellects were so bewildered by sights so novel, that they seemed incapable of distinguishing between man and brute.

Molina was then escorted to the residence of the curaca, whom he found living in much state, with porters stationed at his doors, and with a quantity of gold and silver vessels, from which he was served. He was then taken to different parts of the Indian city, saw a fortress built of rough stone, and, though low, spreading over a large extent of ground. Near this was a temple; and the *Spaniard's* description of its decorations, blazing with

gold and silver, seemed so extravagant that Pizarro, distrusting his whole account, resolved to send a more discreet and trustworthy emissary on the following day.

The person selected was Pedro de Candia, a Greek cavalier who had joined the expedition. He was sent on shore, dressed in complete mail, as became a good knight, with his sword by his side and his arquebus on his shoulder. The Indians were even more dazzled by his appearance than by Molina's, as the sun fell brightly on his polished armor and glanced from his military weapons. They had heard much of the formidable arquebus from their townsmen who had come in the vessel, and they besought Candia "to let it speak to them."

He accordingly set up a wooden board as a target, and, taking deliberate aim, fired off the musket. The flash of the powder and the startling report of the piece, as the board, struck by the ball, was shivered into splinters, filled the natives with dismay. Some fell on the ground, covering their faces with their hands, and others approached the cavalier with feelings of awe, which were gradually dispelled by the assurance they received from the smiling expression of his countenance.

They then showed him the same hospitable attentions which they had paid to Molina; and his description of the marvels of the place, on his return, fell nothing short of his predecessor's. The fortress, which was surrounded by a triple row of wall, was strongly garrisoned. The temple he described as literally tapestried with plates of gold and silver. Adjoining this structure was a sort of convent appropriated to the Inca's destined brides, who manifested great curiosity to see him. Whether this

was gratified is not clear; but Candia described the gardens of the convent, which he entered, as glowing with imitations of fruits and vegetables, all in pure gold and silver! He had seen a number of artisans at work, whose sole business seemed to be to furnish these gorgeous decorations for the religious houses.

But the cupidity of the Spaniards, after the conquest, was not slow in despoiling the place of its glories; and the site of its proud towers and temples, in less than half a century after that fatal period, was to be traced only by the huge mass of ruins that encumbered the ground.

The Spaniards were nearly mad with joy, says an old writer, at receiving these brilliant tidings of the Peruvian city. All their fond dreams were now to be realized, and they had at length reached the realm which had so long flitted in visionary splendor before them.

I. **Tēm'ing**: filled to overflowing. **Nuñez** (noon'yéth). **Ā chiēved'**: accomplished. **Gā'in sā'y'**: deny; dispute. **Īm'pōrt**: importance; meaning. **Ūn prō pitious** (pish'ūs): unfavorable. **Three men**: Diego de Āl mā'grō (1465-1538), a Spanish adventurer; Hernando de Lū'que (kā) (died 1532), a Spanish priest; and Francisco Pizarro. **Cōr dī'lār ās**: the Andes. **Cordillera** is a Spanish word meaning rope, and the name is applied to an extended mountain range, especially one near the border of a continent. **Stē ril'ī tŷ**: barrenness; unfruitfulness. **Bāl'sās**: rafts or floats, used principally on the Pacific coast of South America. **Flō tīl'lā**: a fleet of small ships.

II. **Īn dīg'ē nōūs**: native. **Ēm'īs sâ rŷ**: one sent as an agent. **Īn'cā**: a monarch of Peru before the Spanish conquest. **Cū-pīd'ī tŷ**: greed of gain; eager desire for wealth.

A Peruvian Temple

FROM THE "CONQUEST OF PERU," BY WILLIAM HICKLING
PRESCOTT

The worship of the sun constituted the peculiar care of the Incas and was the object of their lavish expenditure. The most ancient of the many temples dedicated to this divinity was in the island of Titicaca, whence the royal founders of the Peruvian line were said to have 5 proceeded. From this circumstance this sanctuary was held in peculiar veneration. Everything which belonged to it, even the broad fields of maize which surrounded the temple and formed part of its domain, imbibed a portion of its sanctity. The yearly produce was distributed 10 among the different public magazines, in small quantities to each, as something that would sanctify the remainder of the store. Happy was the man who could secure even an ear of the blessed harvest for his own granary !

But the most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the 15 pride of the capital and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it received the name of "The Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, cover- 20 ing a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. The work was so finely executed that a Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us *that he could call to mind only two edifices in* 25

Spain which for their workmanship were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial and in some respects magnificent structure was thatched with straw !

The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance, looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceilings were everywhere incrustated. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material ; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stonework, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice.

Adjoining the principal structure were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was consecrated to the moon, the deity held next in reverence, as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was delineated in the same manner as that of the sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate, as

well as all the decorations of the building, was of silver, as suited to the pale, silvery light of the moon.

There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of stars, that formed the bright court of the sister of the sun; another was consecrated to his dread ministers of vengeance, the thunder and the lightning; and a third to the rainbow, whose many-colored arch spanned the walls of the edifice with hues almost as radiant as its own. There were, besides, several other buildings or insulated apartments for the accommodation of the numerous priests who officiated in the services of the temple.

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description, appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn; the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials.

The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals, also, were to be found there, among which the llama, with its golden fleece, was most conspicuous, executed in the same style and with a degree of skill which in this instance probably did not surpass the excellence of the material.

30

If the reader sees in this fairy picture only the romantic

coloring of some fabulous El Dorado, he must recall what has been said before in references to the palaces of the Incas, and consider that these "houses of the sun," as they were styled, were the common reservoir into which flowed all the streams of public and private benefaction throughout the empire.

Some of the statements, through credulity, and others in the desire of exciting admiration, may be greatly exaggerated; but in the coincidence of contemporary testimony, it is not easy to determine the exact line which should mark the measure of our skepticism. Certain it is that the glowing picture I have given is warranted by those who saw these buildings in their pride, or shortly after they had been despoiled by the cupidity of their countrymen.

Lăv'ish: wasteful; extravagant. **Cuz'cō**. **Ēm à nāt'éd**: issued; flowed from. **Ēf fūl'gence**: brightness; splendor. **Dē-lin'ē āt'éd**: pictured; represented. **Īn'sū lāt'éd**: separated; unconnected. **Bēn ē fāc'tion (shūn)**: gift. **Crē dū'li tŷ**: readiness of belief. **Skēp'ti cŷm**: doubt; a questioning state of mind.

Reader, attend — whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
 Know, prudent, cautious self-control
 Is wisdom's root.

— BURNS.

Waterloo

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824): An English poet. His first work which attracted attention was a poetical satire, entitled “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” expressing his resentment at the harsh criticism of a volume of his youthful verse. On the publication of “Childe Harold” in 1812, he became the popular poet of the day. He wrote a number of other poems, including “Mazeppa,” “The Prisoner of Chillon,” “Don Juan,” “The Giaour,” and several dramatic poems.



Lord Byron

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when 5
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
 But hush! hark! — a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell! 10

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the *car rattling* o'er the stony street;



Napoleon's flight from Waterloo

On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet : —
 But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ; 5
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before ! —
 Arm ! arm ! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain : he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival, 10
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell : 15
 He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ; 20
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts ; and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; — who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes ?
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise. 25

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 5 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips — “ The foe ! They come !
 they come ! ”

And wild and high the “ Camerons’ gathering ” rose !
 10 The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes —
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 15 With the fierce native daring which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years :
 And Evan’s, Donald’s fame, rings in each clansman’s
 ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 20 Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave — alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 25 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty’s circle proudly gay,

The midnight brought the signal sound of strife —
The morn, the marshaling in arms — the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it ; which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay ; 5
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Sider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent !

Belgium's capital: on June 15, 1815, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball in Brussels. During the evening news arrived that Napoleon was marching on the town, so that the officers present had hurriedly to leave the ballroom to get their men under arms. Next day an engagement was fought at Quatre Bras. The great battle of Waterloo did not take place till Sunday, the 18th. Brunswick's fated chieftain: the Duke of Brunswick, an officer under Wellington. He was killed in the battle of Quatre Bras. His father, who is referred to, was killed in the battle of Jena, 1806. Cameron's gathering: the "war note" of the bagpipes of the Cameron Highlanders (79th Regiment). Lō chiē! the chief of the Cameron clan. Albyn: Scotland. Saxon foes: the English. Pī brōch: the wild martial music of the Scotch bagpipe. Evan's, Donald's name: Sir Evan Cameron and his grandson Donald were well-known Highland chiefs. Ar dēn'nes (here pronounced Ar'den), the forest between Brussels and Waterloo. Thunder-clouds: on the morning of the battle a thunder-storm broke over both armies.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

—CARLYLE.

The Sky

BY JOHN RUSKIN

John Ruskin (1819–1900). An English author best known as an art critic, though he wrote much on political economy and other subjects. Among his works are “Modern Painters,” “The Stones of Venice,” “The Seven Lamps of Architecture,” “Sesame and Lilies,” “The Crown of Wild Olive,” and “Queen of the Air.”

“Modern Painters,” from which this selection is taken, is a treatise on landscape painting, which contains many eloquent passages on art, nature, and other subjects.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day in our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is

quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure.

And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be 5 seen and known but by few ; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them — he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them, — but the sky is for all, bright as it is, it is not “too bright, nor good for human nature’s daily food ;” 10 it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together ; almost human in its passions, almost 15 spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a sub-20 ject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations ; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which 25 we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we 30 turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena

do we speak of? One says it has been wet ; and another, it has been windy ; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

All has passed, unregretted as unseen ; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary ; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire ; but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual, — that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood, — things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once ; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

These are what the artist of highest aim must study ; it is these, by the combination of which his ideal is to be *created* ; these, of which so little notice is ordinarily taken

by common observers, that I fully believe, little as people in general are concerned with art, more of their ideas of sky are derived from pictures than from reality, and that if we could examine the conception formed in the minds of most educated persons when we talk of clouds, it would frequently be found composed of fragments of blue and white reminiscences of the old masters. 5

Cá pricious (prish'ús): fanciful; changeable. **Chás'tise ment:** punishment. **In sí plid'í tỹ:** dullness; weakness. **Āp'a thỹ:** indifference; want of feeling. **Ūn ōb tru'sive:** not forward or intrusive.

Legend of the Moor's Legacy

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving (1783-1859): An American author. He wrote several biographies, of which the best are the "Life of Washington," and "Life of Columbus." Irving is best known by the charming sketches and stories comprised in the volumes entitled, "The Sketch Book," and "Tales of a Traveler," "Bracebridge Hall," and "The Alhambra." The "Legend of the Moor's Legacy" is one of the Spanish tales in "The Alhambra."

I

Just within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad, open esplanade, called the Place or Square of the Cisterns, so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, which have existed from the time of the Moors. At one 10

corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak is famous throughout Granada, insomuch that water carriers, some bearing great water jars on their shoulders, others driving donkeys before them laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep, woody avenues of the Alhambra, from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Among the water carriers who once resorted to this well, there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged, little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water carrier he was a Gallego, or native of Galicia, for in Spain the carriers of water and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Galicia.

Peregil, the Gallego, had begun business with merely a great earthen jar which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was able to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout, shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this, his long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water jars, covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that *resounds* through the Spanish towns : " Who wants water

—water, colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?"

When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and if, perchance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a sly leer and a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus, Peregil, the Gallego, was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civillest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening. He had a helpmate too, who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill at dancing the bolero and rattling the castanets; and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in frippery, and laying the very donkey under requisition for junketing parties into the country on Sundays; and saints' days, and those innumerable holidays which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week. With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-abed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water; neglecting house, household, and everything else to loiter slipshod in the houses of her gossip neighbors.

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive

neck. Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water jars ; and however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

He loved his children, too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated ; for they were a sturdy, long-backed, bandy-legged little brood. The great pleasure of honest Peregil was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday, and had a handful of maravedis to spare, to take the whole of them forth with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards of the Vega, while his wife was dancing with her holiday friends.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry ; the night was one of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of southern climes to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day, by lingering in the open air and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were, therefore, still abroad. Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking father, thought of his hungry children.

“One more journey to the well,” said he to himself, “to earn a Sunday’s treat for the little ones.” So saying, he trudged manfully up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went.

When arrived at the well, he found it deserted by

every one, except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb seated on a stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first and regarded him in surprise not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," said he ; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity."

He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth. 15

When they entered the city, the water carrier demanded whither he should conduct him.

"Alas !" said the Moor, faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation ; I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow-being in so forlorn a plight, so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. The children, who had sallied forth open-mouthed as usual, on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like a ruffling hen before her brood when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour, to draw upon us the eyes of the Inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego; "here is a poor sick stranger without friend or home; wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated; for, although she lived in a hovel, she was a furious stickler for the credit of her house; the little water carrier, however, for once was stiff-necked, and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him on the ground in the coolest part of the house, being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

15 In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness.

During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and, addressing him in a low voice, "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die, I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity."

So saying, he opened his albornoz, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandalwood, strapped round his body. 25 "God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be." The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions 30 returned with increasing violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and 5 if we escape with our lives, we shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he; "I 10 can convey the dead body out of the city, and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the 15 body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the donkey, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

II

As ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of 20 the most prying, tattling, and mischief-making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating; the famous barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention 25 than a sieve. It was said that he slept with but one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that even in his sleep he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, *he was a sort of a scandalous chronicle for the*

quidnuncs of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamations of his wife
5 and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served as a lookout, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night. Every five minutes he was at
10 his loophole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on
15 his clothes and stealing forth silently, followed the water carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home and fidgeted about his shop,
20 setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer the alcalde.

The alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a
25 basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings!" said Pedrugo, who played barber and newsmonger at the same time. "Strange doings! Robbery and murder and burial all in one night!"

30 "Hey! how! what is that you say?" cried the alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap

over the nose and mouth of the dignitary — for a Spanish barber distains to employ a brush — “I say that Peregil, the Gallego, has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him this blessed night. Accursed be the night for the same !” 5

“But how do you know all this ?” demanded the alcalde.

“Be patient, señor, and you shall hear all about it,” replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had 10 seen.

Now it so happened that this alcalde was one of the most overbearing and at the same time most griping and corrupt curmudgeons in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, 15 for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery ; doubtless, there must be a rich spoil ; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law ? For as to merely entrapping the delinquent, that would be feeding the 20 gallows ; but entrapping the booty, that would be enriching the judge, and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking he summoned to his presence his trustiest alguazil, a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad according to the custom of his order in the 25 ancient Spanish garb — a broad, black beaver turned up at its sides ; a quaint ruff ; a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders ; rusty black underclothes, that set off his spare, wiry frame ; while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was 30 the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed that he

put upon the traces of the unlucky water carrier, and such was his speed and certainty that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before
5 the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of the most terrific frowns. "Hark ye, culprit!" roared he, in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together. "Hark ye, culprit! there is no need of denying thy guilt;
10 everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious
15 zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore; render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor, with the straightforward simplicity of truth,
20 but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels which were the object of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandal-
25 wood, which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."

"A box of sandalwood! a box of sandalwood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels. "And where is this box? Where have
30 you concealed it?"

"An it please your grace," replied the water carrier,

"it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words when the keen *alguazil* darted off, and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandalwood. The *alcalde* opened it with an eager and trembling hand ; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasure it was expected to contain ; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper. 5 10

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice, even in Spain, is apt to be impartial. The *alcalde*, having recovered from his disappointment, and found that there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately to the explanation of the water carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest ; nay, more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandalwood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity ; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges. 15 20

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder. 25

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of the summer noon, his usual good humor forsook him. "Dog of an *alcalde* !" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world !" And then at the remembrance of the beloved companion 30

of his labors, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow. "Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me 5 thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water jars — poor beast!"

To add to his afflictions, his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings; she had clearly the vantage ground of him, having warned him 10 not to commit the egregious act of hospitality which had brought on him all these misfortunes; and, like a knowing woman, she took every occasion to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If ever her children lacked food or needed a new garment, she would answer 15 with a sneer: "Go to your father; he is heir to King Chico of the Alhambra; ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box."

Was ever poor mortal so soundly punished for having done a good action? The unlucky Peregil was grieved 20 in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his spouse. At length, one evening, when, after a holiday's toil, she taunted him, in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandalwood which lay 25 on a shelf, with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor.

"Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof!"

30 As the box struck the floor, the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth.

Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas, "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care?"

5

Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning as he was crying water through the streets he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

10

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, — nay, 15 the adamantine rock itself, — will yield before it!"

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego. "What is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and I know nothing of buried treasure." So saying he shouldered the water jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward 20 on his daily rounds.

III

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old 25 tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they con-

curred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the seven floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of the honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts, as he returned alone down the darkling avenues.

"If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower, and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well-nigh let fall his water jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. Bright and early he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind.

"You can read Arabic," said he; "suppose we go together to the tower and try the effect of the charm; if it fails, we are no worse off than before; but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem, "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such a taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego; "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment."

So saying, he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of a yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandalwood.

The Moor felt it and smelt it.

"Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "com-

bined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open. Woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure." 5

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra and approached the awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditionary 10 tales. By the light of a lantern they groped their way through bushes and over fallen stones to the door of the vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber, damp and drear, from which another 15 flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults, one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid; and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate 20 farther, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watch tower strike mid-25 night; upon this, they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh and frankincense and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook, and the floor, yawning open, 30 disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe, they

descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of Oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short, while cramming their pockets with the spoils, and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then, seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure, and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ears of the alcalde we are undone!"

"Certainly," replied the Gallego; "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret; but you have a wife."

"She shall not know a word of it," replied the little water carrier, sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor; "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home he found his wife moping in a corner.

"Mighty well," cried she as he entered; "you've come at last, after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a house-mate." Then bursting into tears, she began to wring her hands and smite her breast. "Unhappy woman that I am!" exclaimed she, "what will become of me? My house stripped and plundered by lawyers and alguazils; my husband a do-no-good that no longer brings home bread to his family, but goes rambling about day and night, *with infidel Moors!* Oh, my children! my

children! what will become of us? We shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved by the distress of his spouse, that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter, he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces, and slipped them into her dress. The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. 10 Before she could recover from her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy Virgin, protect us!" exclaimed the wife. 15 "What hast thou been doing, Peregil? Surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman, than it became a certainty with her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged 20 Gallego hanging pendant from it; and, overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, fell into violent hysterics.

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife, and dispelling the phantoms of her 25 fancy, than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung 30 her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost *strangled him with her caresses.*

"Now, wife," exclaimed the little man with honest exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow-creature in distress."

The honest Gallego retired to his sheepskin mat and 5 slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife; she emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her 10 riches.

IV

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweler 15 saw that it had an Arabic inscription and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water carrier was perfectly content. Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, with ample provisions for a 20 hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and 25 a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true she could not help giving *herself a few airs*, apologized for her ragged dress,

and talked of ordering a new basquina all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and a new lace mantilla. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water carrying, as it did not altogether agree
5 with his health. In fact, she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbors stared at each other and thought that
10 the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich Oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, and an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed
backward and forward in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a
20 broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity she could not resist on one occasion showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his
25 shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loophole reconnoitering the slattern spouse of the water carrier decorated with the splendor
30 of an Eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate *inventory* of her ornaments than he posted off with all

speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was once more dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain?" cried the alcalde, in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee!"

The terrified water carrier fell on his knees and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered, half frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water carrier standing with sheepish looks and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter.

"Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the

scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves ; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced ; refuse, and the cave shall
5 remain forever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession.

"Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may seize upon the whole, and if
10 he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow, and turning to the Moor, "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it.
15 This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter ; if you have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the meantime you must remain in custody."

20 The Moor and the water carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Toward midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all
25 strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter, to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig tree descended into the
30 fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted,

and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor 5 and the water carrier entered the lower vault, and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but, though a strong-10 backed little man and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor; 15 here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde. 20

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor, "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer, by all means," cried the aspiring alcalde. 25

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor, doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man; more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey." 30 Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain,

the alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying, he descended the steps, followed, with trembling reluctance, by the alguazil and
5 the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper ; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in the tomb.

10 He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water carrier followed him fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two
15 are shut up in the vault."

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor, devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his
20 beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done." So saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

25 There was now no remedy ; so the Moor and the water carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law ; and in fact it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at
30 the moment, the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil, and took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tangiers, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence; for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side, and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil. His progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation, while Senora Gil, befringed, belaced, and betasseled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

As to the alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors and there they remain spellbound at the present day. Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of shrewd barbers, sharking alguazils, and corrupt alcaldes, they may be sought after; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment until doomsday.

25

I. **Āl hām'brā**: the palace of the Moorish kings at Granada. **Ās plā nāde'**: a clear, level space. **Pēr'ēgil**. **Gāl lē'gō**. **Bō lē'rō**: a Spanish dance. **Cās'tā nēts**: a musical instrument consisting of two pieces of ivory or hard wood, which are beaten together. The Spaniards and Moors used them as an accompaniment to

their dances. **Prò pěn'si tleq**: inclination; disposition. **Jūn-kēt ing**: feasting; reveling. **Dis pěn sā'tions** (shūns): things dispensed, or given out, especially things given by God. **Mār á-vē dis**: small copper coins of Spain, worth about three mills of our money. **Īn dēm'ní fy**: compensate; reward. **Īn'fl del**: unbelieving; said of one who does not accept Christianity. **Īn quí sition** (zish'ūn): a court, once powerful in Spain, for the examination and punishment of persons who professed doctrines contrary to those of the Roman Catholic Church. **Āl gua** (gwá) **zills'**: inferior officers of justice in Spain; constables. **Xen'** (zēn) II.

II. **Vār'lēt**: low fellow; rascal. **Barber of Seville**: Figaro, the principal character in the play "Le Barbier de Seville" of the French author Beaumarchais (1732-1799). **Quid'nūncs**: persons curious to know everything that passes. **Āl cāl'de** (dā): a Spanish magistrate or judge. **Mūs'sūl man**: Mohammedan. **Se ñor** (sá nyòr): a Spanish title corresponding to the English Mr. or Sir. **Ē grē'giòus**: surpassing; extraordinary, — in a bad sense. **King Chico**, King Boabdil, called *El Chico*, the last Moorish king of Spain. **Īn cān tā'tion** (shūn): a charm used to effect magical results. **Tāl'is mang**: charms.

III. **Rēs'í dūe**: remainder. **Mýrrh**, **frānk'ín gēnse**, **stō'rāx**: fragrant gums. **Wēnd'ēd**: went.

IV. **Bās quí'** (kē) **nā**: a garment worn by Spanish women. **Bū'gleq**: glass beads. **Āi grē'tle'**: a plume or tuft for the head, composed of feathers or of gems, etc. **Cōl'lēague**: companion.

Battle of the Baltic

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844): A Scotch poet. He is best known by his spirited lyrics, "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," and a few others. His longer poems, "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "O'Connor's Child," now little read, were once very popular.

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ; 5
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold, determined hand,
 And the prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat 10
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path, 15
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene ; 20
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak !" our captains cried : when each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships 25
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack

Till a feeble cheer the Dane

To our cheering sent us back ; —
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;
 Then cease — and all is wail,
 5 As they strike the shattered sail ;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,

As he hailed them o'er the wave :
 10 " Ye are brothers, ye are men !
 And we conquer but to save ;
 So peace instead of death let us bring ;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews at England's feet,
 15 And make submission meet
 To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief

That he gave her wounds repose ;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 20 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day :
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 25 Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !

For the tidings of thy might
 By the festal cities' blaze
 Whilst the wine cup shines in light ;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar
 Let us think of them that sleep
 Full many a fathom deep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

5

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died
 With the gallant good Riou:
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condole,
 Singing, "Glory to the souls
 Of the brave."

10

Battle of the Baltic: The battle of the Baltic was one of the great naval battles won by Lord Nelson. He was second in command of the armament sent against Copenhagen in 1801. Being told that his superior officer had made a signal to retreat, Lord Nelson, putting a spyglass to his blind eye, exclaimed, "I really don't see the signal!" and continued to fight. By this disregard of orders he won the victory. **Lé vi'a thang**: huge water animals described in Job xli. **Bul'warks**: sides of ships above the upper deck. **Ád á mǎn'tine**: very hard. **Fēs'tal**: joyous; festive. **Ēl'si nôre**: a town on the Sound, Denmark. The name is sometimes given, as by Shakspeare in "Hamlet," to the celebrated castle of Kronborg which commands the entrance to the Sound. **Riou** (1758-1801): Edward Riou, a brave commander.

The Death of Nelson

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY



Robert Southey

Robert Southey (1774–1843): An English author best known in his own day as a poet, but now most valued for his prose works, especially his biographies. These are the lives of Nelson, Cowper, Wesley, and Kirk White. Among his long poems are “Joan of Arc,” “Madoc,” “The Curse of Kehama,” “Thalaba,” and “Roderick.” The most popular of his poems are the earlier, shorter ones, such as “The Battle of Blenheim,” “Father William,”

and “The Abbot of Aberbrothok.”

This selection is from “The Life of Nelson.” Horatio, Lord Nelson (1758–1805), the greatest of the English naval commanders, won many signal victories over the French and Spanish. He was killed in the battle of Trafalgar, in which the English defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets, October 21, 1805. This victory gave England absolute mastery over the ocean, the French and Spanish fleets being so completely destroyed that Admiral Villeneuve committed suicide on account of shame and grief at his defeat.

I

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That

officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be 5 satisfied with less than twenty."

Soon afterward he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were 10 scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure — Nelson's last signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of accla- 15 mation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed.

"Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great oppor- 20 tunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld 25 with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. 30 Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring

that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him.

"In honor I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them."

This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of his noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders.

20 A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz. Our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line with their numerous three-deckers made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendor of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

30 The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy were advancing — Nel-

speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was once more dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain?" cried the alcalde, in a furious 5 voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim and to swing 10 on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee!"

The terrified water carrier fell on his knees and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Ara-15 bian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered, half frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water carrier standing 20 with sheepish looks and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter.

"Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of 25 his colleague; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and 30 self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the

board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked which he would prefer.

Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy ; it does not signify much."

5 The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable* just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower deck ports for fear of being boarded through them, and never
10 afterward fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops ; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a
15 murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which can never decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side ; another enemy was in like
20 manner on board the *Téméraire* ; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed the guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished
25 charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire* ; and because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of
30 water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire

was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides ; her lar-board guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

II

It had been a part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory 5 which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent ; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus 10 twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the 15 heat of action. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy !" said he.

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through !" 20

Yet, even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes which had been shot away were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen 25 by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the

battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth.

5 It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily in
10 his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper and frequently to give him lemonade to alle-
15 viate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked
20 the countenance of the dying hero.

But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me?"
25 He must be killed! he is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and
30 yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." 5

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck."

Hardy answered, "There was no fear of them."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon." 10

Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life.

"Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, 15 and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were 20 taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least.

"That's well!" cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." 25

Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs.

"Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor." Presently, calling Hardy back, he 30 said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard,"

and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise.

“Kiss me, Hardy,” said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said: “Now I am satisfied.
5 Thank God I have done my duty!”

Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead.

“Who is that?” said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, “God bless you, Hardy.” And Hardy then left
10 him forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, “I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone.” Death was indeed rapidly approaching. His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly
15 heard to say, “Thank God I have done my duty!” These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

20 The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from
25 us; and it seemed as we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed
30 his part that the maritime war after the battle of Trafalgar was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy

were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we 5 mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies and public monuments and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have 10 alike delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze on him, and "old men 15 from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died.

The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; 20 for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime 25 schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength, for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

He cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose 30 work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died

so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—
 5 name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live, and to act after them.

I. **Trá fal gǎr'**. **Ôr'děř**: ranks; offices of honor. **Thre deckers**: war vessels carrying guns on three decks. **Pie Baptiste Vile neŭve'** (1763–1806): a French admiral. **Studd sails**: light sails set at the side of the principal or square sails of a ship to increase her speed.

II. **Ēp'au lēt**: a badge worn on the shoulder by military and naval officers to indicate the rank of the wearer. **Rōve**: twist. **Āl lē'vī āte**: lessen; allay. **Vǎn**: front line of a fleet. **Cu bert, Lord Collingwood** (1750–1810): an English admiral. **Pō hā motis**: being or continuing after death. **Frūs'trāt ōd**: defeated; brought to nothing. **Trāns lā'tion (shūn)**: the act of changing to another place or position; hence, to remove as by death. The allusion here is to the translation of Elijah. **2 Kings ii. 11–15.**

They are never alone that are accompanied with not
 15 thoughts.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Ye Mariners of England

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again 5
 To match another foe :
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow. 10

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave —
 For the deck it was their field of fame
 And ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell, 15
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak, 25
She quells the floods below —

As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

5 The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 10 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

Robert Blake (1599–1657): an English admiral. **Bri t̃ān'nĩā**: a Roman name for Great Britain. The Romans represented the island of Great Britain by the figure of a woman seated on a rock, from a fancied resemblance in the general outline of the island.

The Might of the Lord

FROM PSALM CIV

15 O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast
 Thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.
 So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creep-
ing innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan whom Thou
hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon Thee, that Thou mayest give them
their meat in due season.

That Thou givest them they gather: Thou openest
Thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled: Thou takest
away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth Thy spirit, they are created: and
Thou renewest the face of the earth. 10

The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord
shall rejoice in His works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: He toucheth
the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing
praise to my God while I have my being. 15

My meditation of Him shall be sweet: I will be glad in
the Lord.

Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let
the wicked be no more. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. 20
Praise ye the Lord.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death, 2
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYAN

Champlain and the Indians

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN

Francis Parkman (1823-1893): An American historian. His researches were chiefly into the period of French discovery and settlement in America. Among his works are "The Old Régime in Canada," "The Jesuits in North America," "Montcalm and Wolfe," and "The Pioneers of France in the New World," from which is taken this selection about Champlain. Samuel Champlain (1567-1635): one of the greatest of French discoverers, was the founder of Quebec and the first governor of Canada. This selection gives a description of one of his voyages with his Indian allies, the Algonquins, and of a skirmish with the Iroquois. This skirmish is significant as the beginning of conflict between the French and the Indians.

I

Stand with Champlain and view the war dance; sit with him at the war feast — a close-packed company, ring within ring of ravenous feasters; then embark with him on his harebrained venture of discovery. It was in a
5 small shallop, carrying, besides himself, eleven Frenchmen. They were armed with the arquebus, a matchlock or firelock something like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill-suited for use in the forest.

On the twenty-eighth of May they spread their sails
10 and held their course against the current, while around them the river was alive with canoes, and hundreds of naked arms plied the paddle with a steady, measured sweep. They crossed the Lake of St. Peter, threaded the devious channels among its many islands, and reached

at last the mouth of the Rivière des Iroquois, since called the Richelieu, or the St. John.

The warriors observed a certain system in their advance. Some were in front as a vanguard; others formed the main body; while an equal number was in the 5 forests on the flanks and rear, hunting for the subsistence of the whole; for, though they had a provision of parched maize pounded into meal, they kept it for use when, from the vicinity of the enemy, hunting should become impossible. 10

Late in the day they landed and drew up their canoes, ranging them closely, side by side. All was life and bustle. Some stripped sheets of bark to cover their camp-sheds; others gathered wood — the forest was full of dead, dry trees; others felled the living trees for a 15 barricade. They seem to have had steel axes, obtained by barter from the French; for in less than two hours they had made a strong defensive work, in the form of a half circle, open on the river side, where their canoes lay on the strand, and large enough to inclose all their huts 20 and sheds.

Some of their number had gone forward as scouts and, returning, reported no signs of an enemy. This was the extent of their precaution, for they placed no guard, but all, in full security, stretched themselves to sleep — a 25 vicious custom, from which the lazy warrior of the forest rarely departs.

Again the canoes advanced, the river widening as they went. Great islands appeared, leagues in extent — Isle à la Motte, Long Island, Grande Isle. Channels where 30 ships might float and broad reaches of expanding water

stretched between them, and Champlain entered the lake which preserves his name to posterity. Cumberland Head was passed, and from the opening of the great channel between Grande Isle and the main he could look
 5 forth on the wilderness sea. Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight. Far on the left the forest ridges of the Green Mountains were heaved against the sun, patches of snow still glistening on their tops ; and on the right rose the Adirondacks.

10 The progress of the party was becoming dangerous. They changed their mode of advance, and moved only in the night. All day they lay close in the depth of the forest, sleeping, lounging, smoking tobacco of their own raising, and beguiling the hours, no doubt, with the shal-
 15 low banter with which knots of Indians are wont to amuse their leisure. At twilight they embarked again, paddling their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden.

Their goal was the rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was long afterward built. Thence they would
 20 pass the outlet of Lake George, and launch their canoes again on that Como of the wilderness, whose waters, limpid as a fountain head, stretched far southward between their flanking mountains. Landing at the future site of Fort William Henry, they would carry their canoes through
 25 the forest to the River Hudson, and descending it, attack, perhaps, some outlying towns of the Mohawks. In the next century this chain of lakes and rivers became the grand highway of savage and civilized war, a bloody, debatable ground, linked to memories of momentous
 30 conflicts.

II

The allies were spared so long a progress. On the morning of the twenty-ninth of July, after paddling all night, they hid as usual in the forest on the western shore, not far from Crown Point. The warriors stretched themselves to their slumbers, and Champlain, after walking till nine or ten o'clock through the surrounding woods, returned to take his repose on a pile of spruce boughs. Sleeping, he dreamed a dream, wherein he beheld the Iroquois drowning in the lake, and, essaying to rescue them, he was told by his Algonquin friends that they were good for nothing and had better be left to their fate. Some time past, he had been beset every morning by his superstitious allies, eager to learn about his dreams; and to this moment his unbroken slumbers had failed to furnish the desired prognostics. The announcement of this auspicious vision filled the crowd with joy, and at nightfall they embarked, flushed with anticipated victories.

It was ten o'clock in the evening when, near a projecting point of land, which was probably Ticonderoga, they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them. These were a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than theirs, for they were made of oak bark. Each party saw the other, and the mingled war cries pealed over the darkened water. The Iroquois, who were near the shore, having no stomach for an aquatic battle, landed, and, making night hideous with their clamors, began to barricade themselves. Champlain could see them in the woods, laboring like beavers, hacking down trees with iron axes taken from the Canadian tribes in war, and with stone hatchets of their own making.

The allies remained on the lake, a bowshot from the hostile barricade, their canoes made fast together by poles lashed across. All night they danced with as much vigor as the frailty of their vessels would permit, their throats making amends for the enforced restraint of their limbs. It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till daybreak; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace, and boasting, gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants,—"much," says Champlain, "like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town."

As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a backpiece, while his thighs were protected by cuisses of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer or ammunition box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebus. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which

excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen three chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fiber supposed by Champlain to be cotton. 5

The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the gaze of the



"I looked at them, and they looked at me"

Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement.

"I looked at them," says Champlain, "and they looked at me. When I saw them getting ready to shoot their arrows at us, I leveled my arquebus, which I had loaded with four balls, and aimed at one of the three chiefs. The 15 shot brought down two and wounded another. On this our Indians set up such a yelling that one could not have

heard a thunderclap and all the while the arrows flew thick on both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished and frightened to see two of their men killed so quickly, in spite of their arrowproof armor. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods, which so increased their astonishment, that seeing their chiefs dead, they abandoned the field and fled into the depth of the forest."

The allies dashed after them. Some of the Iroquois were killed, and more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The victory was complete.

Thus did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations. Here was the beginning, in some measure doubtless the cause, of a long suite of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood.

I. **Dē'vī ōŭs**: winding. **Bē guīl'ing**: entertaining; diverting. **Cō'mō**: a very beautiful lake in Italy; hence the name is applied to any beautiful lake.

II. **Ēs sây'ing**: attempting; trying. **Prōg nōs'tic**: sign; token. **Aus picious (pīsh'ūs)**: favorable; giving promise of success. **Ā quāt'ic**: of or pertaining to the water. **Cūlas'ēs**: cuishes; defensive armor for the thighs. **Vōgue**: fashion. **Rē-doubt'ēd**: formidable; feared. **Five Nations**: a confederacy of five Indian tribes consisting of the Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Senecas, inhabiting the region which is now the state of New York. Afterward by the addition of the *Tuscaroras* it became the Six Nations. **Suite (swēt)**: series.

Courage in the Use of Talent

BY SYDNEY SMITH

Rev. Sydney Smith (1771–1845): An English clergyman and writer, distinguished for his wit, humor, and conversational powers. He published among other works several volumes of sermons, and "Letters on the Subject of the Catholics," which greatly promoted the cause of Catholic emancipation. This selection is from a "Lecture on the Conduct of the Understanding."

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could only have been induced 5 to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. 10

It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended scheme for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward. But at 15 present, a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle and his first cousins and particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has 20 no more time left to follow their advice.

Orpheus with his Lute

FROM "KING HENRY VIII.," BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
5 Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
10 In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Ôr'phe (fê) ũs : according to Greek mythology, a musician whose lyre could charm beasts and move trees and stones.

The Poetry in Words

BY R. C. TRENCH

Richard Chenevix Trench (1807-1886): An English clergyman and philologist. He was the author of several volumes of poems and religious works, and some volumes on philology. The most popular of his philological works is a series of lectures "On the Study of Words," from which this selection is taken.

Language is full of instruction, because it is the embodiment, the incarnation, if I may so speak, of the feelings and thoughts and experiences of a nation, yea, often of many nations, and of all which through long centuries they have attained to and won. It stands like the Pillars of Hercules, to mark how far the moral and intellectual conquests of mankind have advanced, only not like those pillars, fixed and immovable, but ever itself advancing with the progress of these. The mighty moral instincts which have been working in the popular mind have found therein their unconscious voice; and the single kinglier spirits that have looked deeper into the heart of things have oftentimes gathered up all they have seen into some one word, which they have launched upon the world, and with which they have enriched it forever, making in that new word a new region of thought to be henceforward in some sort the common heritage of all.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing, as the lightning. "Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and laden with this, their precious freight, they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion."

And for all these reasons far more and mightier in every way is a language than any one of the works which may have been composed in it. For that work,

great as it may be, is but the embodying of the mind of a single man, this of a nation. The "Iliad" is great, yet not so great in strength or power or beauty as the Greek language. "Paradise Lost" is a noble possession for a people to have inherited, but the English tongue is a nobler heritage yet.

Great indeed will be our gains if, having these treasures of wisdom and knowledge lying round about us, so far more precious than mines of California gold, we determine that we will make what portion of them we can our own, that we will ask the words which we use to give an account of themselves, to say whence they are, and whither they tend.

Poetry, which is passion and imagination embodying themselves in words, does not necessarily demand a combination of words for this; of this passion and imagination a single word may be the vehicle. As the sun can image itself alike in a tiny dewdrop or in the mighty ocean, and can do it, though on a different scale, as perfectly in the one as in the other, so the spirit of poetry can dwell in and glorify alike a word and an "Iliad." Nothing in language is too small, as nothing is too great for it to fill with its presence. Everywhere it can find, or, not finding, can make, a shrine for itself, which afterward it can render translucent and transparent with its own indwelling glory.

On every side we are beset with poetry. Popular language is full of it, of words used in an imaginative sense, of things called — and not merely in transient moments of high passion and in the transfer which at such moments finds place of the image to the thing imaged,

but permanently — by names having immediate reference not to what they are, but to what they are like.

Let me illustrate my meaning by the word "tribulation."

We all know in a general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture, means affliction, sorrow, 5 anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know how it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin *tribulum*, which was the threshing instrument, or roller, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and *tribulatio* 10 in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever 15 in them was light, trivial, and poor from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, therefore he called these sorrows and trials tribulations, — threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. 20

Before leaving this part of my subject, and on the suggestion of this word "tribulation," I will quote some words from Coleridge. They bear on the matter we have in hand. He has said, "In order to get the full sense of the word, we should first present to our minds the visual 25 image that forms its primary meaning." What admirable counsel is here. If we could but accustom ourselves to the doing of this, what vast increases of precision and force would all the language which we speak and which others speak to us, obtain; how often would that which 30 is now *obscure at once* become clear; how distinct the

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limits and boundaries of that which is often now confused and confounded. It is difficult to measure the amount of food for the imagination, as well as gains for the intellect, which the observing of this single rule would afford us. Let me illustrate this by one or two examples.

We say of such a man that he is desultory. Do we attach any very distinct meaning to the word? Perhaps not. But get at the image on which desultory rests; take the word to pieces; learn that it is from *de* and *salto*, "to leap from one thing to another," as a man who, in the ring, technically called a desultor, riding two or three horses at once, leaps from one to the other, being never on the back of any one of them long; take, I say, the word thus to pieces, and put it together again, and what a firm and vigorous grasp will you have now of its meaning. A desultory man is one who jumps from one study to another, and never continues for any time in one.

Again, you speak of a person as capricious, as being full of caprices; but what exactly are caprices? Caprice is from *capra*, a goat. If ever you have watched a goat you will have observed how sudden, how unexpected how unaccountable are the leaps and springs, now forward, now sideward, in which it indulges. A caprice then is a movement of the mind as unaccountable, a little to be calculated on beforehand, as the springs and bounds of a goat. Is not the word so understood a far more picturesque one than it was before? and is there not some real gain in the vigor and vividness of impression which is in this way obtained?

Then, what poetry is there, as indeed there ought to be, in the names of flowers ! I do not speak of those, the exquisite grace and beauty of whose names is forced on us so that we cannot miss it, such as meadowsweet, eye-bright, sundew, forget-me-not, Venus's looking-glass, 5 queen of the meadows, love-in-idleness, Reine Marguerite, and the like. Take daisy ; surely this charming little English flower, which has stirred the peculiar affection of English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, and received the tribute of their song, becomes more charming 10 yet, when we know, as Chaucer long ago has told us, that daisy is day's eye, the eye of day ; these are his words : —

“That well by reason it men callen may
The daisie, or else the eye of day.”

For only consider how much is implied here. To the 15 sun in the heavens this name, eye of day, was naturally first given ; and those who transferred the title to our little field flower, meant no doubt to liken its inner yellow disk or shield to the great golden orb of the sun, and the white florets which encircle this disk to the rays which 20 the sun spreads on all sides round him. What imagination was here, to suggest a comparison such as this, binding together as this does the smallest and the greatest ! what a traveling of the poet's eye, with the power which is the privilege of that eye, from earth to heaven, and 25 from heaven to earth, and uniting both !

Pillars of Hercules : two mountains, the Rock of Gibraltar and Apes' Hill on the coast of Africa, which were the bounda-

ries of the world as known to the ancients. The Greek story says that Hercules raised them to mark the limits of the world. **Iliad**: a celebrated Greek epic poem, by Homer, describing the destruction of Ilium or Troy. **Paradise Lost**: the greatest English epic poem, by John Milton.

The Counsel of Polonius to his Son

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

William Shakspeare (1564–1616): The greatest English dramatic poet. He wrote "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Julius Cæsar," and many other plays. A biographical sketch of Shakspeare will be found in the Fifth Book of the "Graded Literature Readers."

Here is an often quoted passage from "Hamlet": —

Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame ;
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with thee !
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 5 See thou charàcter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
 10 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
 Bear't, that the opposèd may beware of thee.
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
 15 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend, 5
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all, — to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee ! 10

Cŕn'sure (shur): opinion,— an old use of the word.

Queen Mary's Escape from Lochleven

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832): A Scotch novelist, poet, and historian. Some of his best novels are historical, such as “Ivanhoe,” “The Talisman,” “Kenilworth,” and “The Abbot,” from which this selection is taken. He wrote several spirited narrative poems, including “The Lady of the Lake,” and “Marmion.” A sketch of Scott's life will be found in the Fifth Book of the “Graded Literature Readers.”

Mary, Queen of Scots, whom Scott warmly admired, is one of the characters in “The Abbot.” Justly or unjustly, she had been accused by her people of great crimes, imprisoned in the castle of Lochleven, and forced to resign her royal authority to a regent, who ruled in the name of her infant son, James. Scott gives this interesting account of her escape from Lochleven.

Mary's freedom was, however, of brief duration. Seeking refuge in England, she threw herself on the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, was made prisoner, and, after being kept in close confinement many years, was finally put to death.

I

They went to the presence chamber, where almost immediately entered supper and the lady of the castle. The queen, strong in her prudent resolutions, endured her presence with great fortitude and equanimity, until her 5 patience was disturbed by a new form, which had hitherto made no part of the ceremonial of the castle. When the other attendant had retired, Randal entered, bearing the keys of the castle fastened upon a chain, and, announcing that the watch was set and the gates locked, delivered 10 the keys with all reverence to the Lady of Lochleven.

The queen and her ladies exchanged a look of disappointment, anger, and vexation; and Mary said aloud: "We cannot regret the smallness of our court, when we see our hostess discharge in person so many of its offices. 15 In addition to her charge of principal steward of our household, she has to-night done duty as captain of our guard."

"And will continue to do so in future, madam," answered the Lady of Lochleven, with much gravity; and 20 retired from the apartment, bearing in her hand the ponderous bunch of keys.

"Now," said the queen, "how say you, girls? Here ^{is} a new difficulty. How are these keys to be come by? There is no deceiving or bribing this dragon, I trow." 25 "May I crave to know," said Roland, "whether, if your

grace were beyond the walls of the castle, you could find means of conveyance to the firm land, and protection when you are there ? ”

“Trust us for that, Roland,” said the queen ; “for to that point our scheme is well laid.” 5

“Then, if your grace will permit me to speak my mind, I think I could be of some use in this matter.”

“As how, my good youth ? Speak on,” said the queen, “and fearlessly.”

“My patron, the knight of Avenel, used to compel the 10 youth educated in his household to learn the use of ax and hammer, and working in wood and iron. He used to speak of old northern champions who forged their own weapons, and of the Highland captain, Donald of the Hammer, whom he himself knew, and who used to work 15 at the anvil with a sledge hammer in each hand. Some said he praised this art because he was himself of churl’s blood. However, I gained some practice in it, as the Lady Catherine Seyton partly knows ; for since we were here I wrought her a silver brooch.” 20

“Ay,” replied Catherine, “but you should tell her grace that your workmanship was so indifferent that it broke to pieces next day, and I flung it away.”

“Believe her not, Roland,” said the queen ; “she wept when it was broken. But for your scheme, — could your 25 skill avail to forge a second set of keys ? ”

“No, madam, because I know not the wards. But I am convinced I could make a set so like that hateful bunch which the lady bore off even now, that could they be exchanged against them by any means, she would never 30 dream she was possessed of the wrong.”

"And the good dame, thank Heaven, is somewhat blind," said the queen. "But then for a forge, my boy, and the means of laboring unobserved?"

"The armorer's forge, at which I used sometimes to
5 work with him, is in the round vault at the bottom of the turret. He was dismissed with the warder for being supposed too much attached to George Douglas. The people are accustomed to see me busy there, and I warrant I shall find some excuse that will pass current with them for
10 putting bellows and anvil to work."

"The scheme has a promising face," said the queen; "about it, my lad, with all speed, and beware the nature of your work is not discovered."

"Nay, I will take the liberty to draw the bolt against
15 chance visitors, so that I will have time to put away what I am working upon before I undo the door."

"Will not that of itself attract suspicion, in a place where it is so current already?" said Catherine.

"Not a whit," replied Roland; "Gregory, the armorer,
20 and every good hammerman, locks himself in when he is about some masterpiece of craft. Besides, something must be risked."

"Part we then to-night," said the queen, "and God bless you, my children! If Mary's head ever rises above
25 water, you shall all rise with her."

The enterprise of Roland Graeme appeared to prosper. A trinket or two, of which the work did not surpass the substance — for the materials were silver supplied by the queen — were judiciously presented to those most likely
30 to be inquisitive into the labors of the forge and anvil, which they thus were induced to reckon profitable to

others and harmless in itself. Openly, the page was seen working about such trifles. In private, he forged a number of keys resembling so nearly in weight and in form those which were presented every evening to the Lady Lochleven, that, on a slight inspection, it would 5 have been difficult to perceive the difference.

He brought them to the dark, rusty color by the use of salt and water ; and, in the triumph of his art, presented them at length to Queen Mary in her presence chamber, about an hour before the tolling of the curfew. She 10 looked at them with pleasure, but at the same time with doubt.

"I allow," she said, "that the Lady Lochleven's eyes, which are not of the clearest, may be well deceived, could we pass those keys on her in place of the real implements 15 of her tyranny. But how is this to be done, and which of my little court dare attempt this juggler's trick with any chance of success?"

"With your grace's permission," said Roland, "I do not doubt being able to manage the matter ; for, though, 20 in your grace's service, I do not fear—"

"A host of old women," interrupted Catherine, "each armed with rock and spindle, yet he has no fancy for pikes and partisans, which might rise at the cry of 'Help! a Douglas, a Douglas!'" 25

"They that do not fear fair ladies' tongues," continued the page, "need dread nothing else. But, gracious liege, I am well-nigh satisfied that I could pass the exchange of these keys on the Lady Lochleven ; but I dread the sentinel who is now planted nightly in the garden, which, 30 by necessity, we must traverse."

"Our last advices from our friends on the shore have promised us assistance in that matter," replied the queen.

"And is your grace well assured of the fidelity and watchfulness of those without?"

"For their fidelity I will answer with my life, and for their vigilance I will answer with my life. I will give thee instant proof, my faithful Roland, that they are ingenuous and trusty as thyself. Come hither. Nay, Catherine, attend us. Make fast the door of the parlor, Fleming, and warn us if you hear the least step—or stay, go thou to the door, Catherine;"—in a whisper, "thy ears and thy wits are both sharper — Good Fleming, attend us thyself."

Thus speaking, they were lighted by the Lady Fleming into the queen's bedroom, a small apartment enlightened by a projecting window.

"Look from that window, Roland," she said; "see you amongst the several lights which begin to kindle and to glimmer palely through the gray of the evening from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I say, one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer, it seems, to the verge of the water? It is no brighter at this distance than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary Stuart than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven. By that signal I know that more than one true heart is plotting my deliverance; and without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since stooped to my fate and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers,

and while it glimmers my hope lives. Oh! how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal; when it has suddenly kindled and brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!"

"If I mistake not," answered Roland, "the candle shines from the house of Blinkhoolie, the gardener."

"Thou hast a good eye," said the queen; "it is there where my trusty lieges—God and the saints pour blessings on them!—hold consultation for my deliverance. The voice of a wretched captive would die on these blue waters long ere it could mingle in their councils; and yet I can hold communication. I will confide the whole to thee. I am about to ask those faithful friends if the moment for the great attempt is nigh. Place the lamp in the window, Fleming."

She obeyed and immediately withdrew it. No sooner had she done so than the light in the cottage of the gardener disappeared. 20

"Now count," said Queen Mary, "for my heart beats so thick that I cannot count myself."

The Lady Fleming began deliberately to count one, two, three—and when she had arrived at ten, the light on the shore again showed its pale twinkle. 25

"Now, Our Lady be praised!" said the queen; "it was but two nights since, that the absence of the light remained while I could tell thirty. The hour of deliverance approaches! May God bless those who labor in it with such truth to me! Alas! with such hazard! And bless you, too, my children! Come, we must to the audience 30

chamber again. Our absence might excite suspicion, should they serve supper."

They returned to the presence chamber, and the evening concluded as usual.

II

5 The next noon at dinner time, an unusual incident occurred. While Lady Douglas of Lochleven performed her daily duty of assistant and taster at the queen's table, she was told a man at arms had arrived, recommended by her son, but without any letter or other token than what
10 he brought by word of mouth.

"Hath he given you that token?" demanded the lady.

"He reserved it, as I think, for your ladyship's ear," replied Randal.

"He doth well," said the lady; "tell him to wait in the
15 hall. But no, with your permission, madam," — to the queen — "let him attend me here."

"Since you are pleased to receive your domestics in my presence," said the queen, "I cannot choose —"

"My infirmities must plead my excuse, madam," replied
20 the lady; "the life I must lead here ill suits with the years which have passed over my head, and compels me to waive ceremonial."

"Oh, my good lady," replied the queen, "I would there were naught in this your castle more strongly compulsive
25 than the cobweb chain of ceremony; but bolts and bars are harder matters to contend with."

As she spoke, the person announced by Randal entered the room, and Roland Graeme at once recognized in him the Abbot Ambrosius.

"What is your name, good fellow?" said the lady.

"Edward Glendinning," answered the abbot, with a suitable reverence.

"Art thou of the blood of the Knight of Avenel?" said the Lady of Lochleven. 5

"Aye, madam, and that nearly," replied the pretended soldier.

"It is likely enough," said the lady, "for the knight has risen from obscure lineage to his present high rank in the Estate. But he is of sure truth and approved worth, 10 and his kinsman is welcome to us. You hold, unquestionably, the true faith?"

"Do not doubt of it, madam," said the disguised churchman.

"Hast thou a token to me from Sir William Douglas?" 15 said the lady.

"I have, madam," replied he; "but it must be said in private."

"Thou art right," said the lady, moving toward the recess of a window; "say in what does it consist?" 20

"In the words of an old bard," replied the abbot.

"Repeat them," answered the lady; and he uttered, in a low tone, the lines from an old poem called "The Howlet,"

"O Douglas! Douglas!
Tender and true." 25

"Trusty Sir John Holland," said the Lady Douglas, apostrophizing the poet, "a kinder heart never inspired a rhyme, and the Douglas's honor was ever on thy harp-string! We receive you among our followers, Glendinning. But, Randal, see that he keep the outer yard only, 30

till we shall hear more touching him from our son. Thou fearest not the night air, Glendinning ? ”

“ In the cause of the lady before whom I stand, I fear nothing, madam,” answered the disguised abbot.

5 “ Our garrison, then, is stronger by one trustworthy soldier,” said the matron. “ Go to the buttery, and let them make much of thee.”

When the Lady Lochleven had retired, the queen said to Roland Graeme, who was now almost constantly in her
10 company, “ I spy comfort in that stranger’s countenance ; I know not why it should be so, but I am well persuaded he is a friend.”

“ Your grace’s penetration does not deceive you,” answered the page ; and he informed her that the Abbot
15 of St. Mary’s himself played the part of the newly arrived soldier.

“ And now for the signal from the shore,” exclaimed Catherine ; “ my bosom tells me we shall see this night two lights instead of one gleam from the Garden of Eden.
20 And then, Roland, do you play your part manfully, and we will dance on the greensward like midnight fairies ! ”

Catherine’s conjecture misgave not nor deceived her. In the evening two beams twinkled from the cottage, instead of one ; and the page heard, with beating heart,
25 that the new retainer was ordered to stand sentinel on the outside of the castle. When he intimated this news to the queen, she held her hand out to him ; he knelt, and when he raised it to his lips in all dutiful homage, he found it was damp and cold as marble. “ For God’s sake,
30 madam, droop not now ! sink not now ! ”

“ Call upon Our Lady, my liege,” said the Lady Fleming, “ call upon your tutelar saint.”

"Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from," exclaimed the page. "In this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints."

"Oh! Roland Graeme," said Mary in a tone of deep despondency, "be true to me! Many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself. My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage and that this bold attempt will cost us all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France that I should die in 10 prison and by a violent death, and here comes the hour. Oh, would to God it found me prepared!"

"Madam," said Catherine Seyton, "remember you are a queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting to gain our freedom, than remain here to be poisoned, as men rid 15 them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses."

"You are right, Catherine," said the queen; "and Mary will bear her like herself. But alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for 20 a while. I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture."

They separated till again called together by the tolling of the curfew. The queen appeared grave, but firm and resolved; the Lady Fleming, with the art of an experienced 25 courtier, knew perfectly how to disguise her inward tremors; Catherine's eye was fired, as if with the boldness of the project, and the half smile which dwelt upon her beautiful mouth seemed to condemn all the risk and all the consequences of discovery; Roland, who felt how much success 30 depended on his own address and boldness, summoned

Mary's freedom was, however, of brief duration. Seeking refuge in England, she threw herself on the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, was made prisoner, and, after being kept in close confinement many years, was finally put to death.

I

They went to the presence chamber, where almost immediately entered supper and the lady of the castle. The queen, strong in her prudent resolutions, endured her presence with great fortitude and equanimity, until her
 5 patience was disturbed by a new form, which had hitherto made no part of the ceremonial of the castle. When the other attendant had retired, Randal entered, bearing the keys of the castle fastened upon a chain, and, announcing that the watch was set and the gates locked, delivered
 10 the keys with all reverence to the Lady of Lochleven.

The queen and her ladies exchanged a look of disappointment, anger, and vexation ; and Mary said aloud :
 "We cannot regret the smallness of our court, when we see our hostess discharge in person so many of its offices.
 15 In addition to her charge of principal steward of our household, she has to-night done duty as captain of our guard."

"And will continue to do so in future, madam," answered the Lady of Lochleven, with much gravity ; and
 20 retired from the apartment, bearing in her hand the ponderous bunch of keys.

"Now," said the queen, "how say you, girls ? Here is a new difficulty. How are these keys to be come by ? There is no deceiving or bribing this dragon, I trow."

25 "*May I crave to know,*" said Roland, "*whether, if your*

grace were beyond the walls of the castle, you could find means of conveyance to the firm land, and protection when you are there?"

"Trust us for that, Roland," said the queen; "for to that point our scheme is well laid." 5

"Then, if your grace will permit me to speak my mind, I think I could be of some use in this matter."

"As how, my good youth? Speak on," said the queen, "and fearlessly."

"My patron, the knight of Avenel, used to compel the 10 youth educated in his household to learn the use of ax and hammer, and working in wood and iron. He used to speak of old northern champions who forged their own weapons, and of the Highland captain, Donald of the Hammer, whom he himself knew, and who used to work 15 at the anvil with a sledge hammer in each hand. Some said he praised this art because he was himself of churl's blood. However, I gained some practice in it, as the Lady Catherine Seyton partly knows; for since we were here I wrought her a silver brooch." 20

"Ay," replied Catherine, "but you should tell her grace that your workmanship was so indifferent that it broke to pieces next day, and I flung it away."

"Believe her not, Roland," said the queen; "she wept when it was broken. But for your scheme, — could your 25 skill avail to forge a second set of keys?"

"No, madam, because I know not the wards. But I am convinced I could make a set so like that hateful bunch which the lady bore off even now, that could they be exchanged against them by any means, she would never 30 dream *she was possessed* of the wrong."

"And the good dame, thank Heaven, is somewhat blind," said the queen. "But then for a forge, my boy, and the means of laboring unobserved?"

"The armorer's forge, at which I used sometimes to work with him, is in the round vault at the bottom of the turret. He was dismissed with the warder for being supposed too much attached to George Douglas. The people are accustomed to see me busy there, and I warrant I shall find some excuse that will pass current with them for putting bellows and anvil to work."

"The scheme has a promising face," said the queen; "about it, my lad, with all speed, and beware the nature of your work is not discovered."

"Nay, I will take the liberty to draw the bolt against chance visitors, so that I will have time to put away what I am working upon before I undo the door."

"Will not that of itself attract suspicion, in a place where it is so current already?" said Catherine.

"Not a whit," replied Roland; "Gregory, the armorer, and every good hammerman, locks himself in when he is about some masterpiece of craft. Besides, something must be risked."

"Part we then to-night," said the queen, "and God bless you, my children! If Mary's head ever rises above water, you shall all rise with her."

The enterprise of Roland Graeme appeared to prosper. A trinket or two, of which the work did not surpass the substance — for the materials were silver supplied by the queen — were judiciously presented to those most likely to be inquisitive into the labors of the forge and anvil, *which they thus* were induced to reckon profitable to

others and harmless in itself. Openly, the page was seen working about such trifles. In private, he forged a number of keys resembling so nearly in weight and in form those which were presented every evening to the Lady Lochleven, that, on a slight inspection, it would have been difficult to perceive the difference.

He brought them to the dark, rusty color by the use of salt and water ; and, in the triumph of his art, presented them at length to Queen Mary in her presence chamber, about an hour before the tolling of the curfew. She looked at them with pleasure, but at the same time with doubt.

“I allow,” she said, “that the Lady Lochleven’s eyes, which are not of the clearest, may be well deceived, could we pass those keys on her in place of the real implements of her tyranny. But how is this to be done, and which of my little court dare attempt this juggler’s trick with any chance of success?”

“With your grace’s permission,” said Roland, “I do not doubt being able to manage the matter ; for, though, in your grace’s service, I do not fear—”

“A host of old women,” interrupted Catherine, “each armed with rock and spindle, yet he has no fancy for pikes and partisans, which might rise at the cry of ‘Help! a Douglas, a Douglas!’”

“They that do not fear fair ladies’ tongues,” continued the page, “need dread nothing else. But, gracious liege, I am well-nigh satisfied that I could pass the exchange of these keys on the Lady Lochleven ; but I dread the sentinel who is now planted nightly in the garden, which, by necessity, we must traverse.”

"Our last advices from our friends on the shore have promised us assistance in that matter," replied the queen.

"And is your grace well assured of the fidelity and watchfulness of those without?"

"For their fidelity I will answer with my life, and for their vigilance I will answer with my life. I will give thee instant proof, my faithful Roland, that they are ingenuous and trusty as thyself. Come hither. Nay, Catherine, attend us. Make fast the door of the parlor, Fleming, and warn us if you hear the least step—or stay, go thou to the door, Catherine;"—in a whisper, "thy ears and thy wits are both sharper—Good Fleming, attend us thyself."

Thus speaking, they were lighted by the Lady Fleming into the queen's bedroom, a small apartment enlightened by a projecting window.

"Look from that window, Roland," she said; "see you amongst the several lights which begin to kindle and to glimmer palely through the gray of the evening from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I say, one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer, it seems, to the verge of the water? It is no brighter at this distance than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary Stuart than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven. By that signal I know that more than one true heart is plotting my deliverance; and without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since stooped to my fate and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers,

and while it glimmers my hope lives. Oh! how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal; when it has suddenly kindled and brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!"

"If I mistake not," answered Roland, "the candle shines from the house of Blinkhoolie, the gardener."

"Thou hast a good eye," said the queen; "it is there where my trusty lieges—God and the saints pour blessings on them!—hold consultation for my deliverance. The voice of a wretched captive would die on these blue waters long ere it could mingle in their councils; and yet I can hold communication. I will confide the whole to thee. I am about to ask those faithful friends if the moment for the great attempt is nigh. Place the lamp in the window, Fleming."

She obeyed and immediately withdrew it. No sooner had she done so than the light in the cottage of the gardener disappeared.

20

"Now count," said Queen Mary, "for my heart beats so thick that I cannot count myself."

The Lady Fleming began deliberately to count one, two, three—and when she had arrived at ten, the light on the shore again showed its pale twinkle.

25

"Now, Our Lady be praised!" said the queen; "it was but two nights since, that the absence of the light remained while I could tell thirty. The hour of deliverance approaches! May God bless those who labor in it with such truth to me! Alas! with such hazard! And bless you, too, my children! Come, we must to the audience

chamber again. Our absence might excite suspicion, should they serve supper."

They returned to the presence chamber, and the evening concluded as usual.

II

5 The next noon at dinner time, an unusual incident occurred. While Lady Douglas of Lochleven performed her daily duty of assistant and taster at the queen's table, she was told a man at arms had arrived, recommended by her son, but without any letter or other token than what
10 he brought by word of mouth.

"Hath he given you that token?" demanded the lady.

"He reserved it, as I think, for your ladyship's ear," replied Randal.

"He doth well," said the lady; "tell him to wait in the
15 hall. But no, with your permission, madam," — to the queen — "let him attend me here."

"Since you are pleased to receive your domestics in my presence," said the queen, "I cannot choose —"

"My infirmities must plead my excuse, madam," replied
20 the lady; "the life I must lead here ill suits with the years which have passed over my head, and compels me to waive ceremonial."

"Oh, my good lady," replied the queen, "I would there were naught in this your castle more strongly compulsive
25 than the cobweb chain of ceremony; but bolts and bars are harder matters to contend with."

As she spoke, the person announced by Randal entered the room, and Roland Graeme at once recognized in him
the Abbot Ambrosius.

"What is your name, good fellow?" said the lady.

"Edward Glendinning," answered the abbot, with a suitable reverence.

"Art thou of the blood of the Knight of Avenel?" said the Lady of Lochleven. 5

"Aye, madam, and that nearly," replied the pretended soldier.

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together his whole presence of mind. He stood like a greyhound in the slips, with hand, heart, and eye intent upon making and seizing opportunity for the execution of their project.

5 The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church, which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer
10 to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to this casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly
15 intent than usual — so at least it seemed to her prisoners — upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint.

Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the
20 page, who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sideways to the churchyard, and exclaimed he saw corpse candles in the vault. The Lady of Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; and a corpse light,
25 as it was called, in the family burial place, boded death.

She turned her head toward the casement, saw a distant glimmering, forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak and with
30 great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch.



The page exchanged the keys

“Who touches the keys?” said the lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had stirred them, she looked round, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse candles.

“I hold these gleams,” she said, after a moment’s consideration, “to come, not from the churchyard, but from the hut of the old gardener, Blinkhoolie. I wonder what thrift that churl drives, that of late he hath ever had light in his house till the night grew deep. I thought him an industrious, peaceful man. If he turns resetter of idle companions and night walkers, the place must be rid of him.”

“He may work his baskets, perchance,” said the page, desirous to stop the train of her suspicion.

“Or nets, may he not?” answered the lady.

“Aye, madam,” said Roland, “for trout and salmon.”

“Or for fools and knaves,” replied the lady; “but this shall be looked after to-morrow. I wish your grace and your company a good evening. Randal, attend us.” And Randal, who waited in the antechamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while leaving the queen’s apartments, she retired to her own.

III

“To-morrow,” said the page, rubbing his hands with glee as he repeated the lady’s last words. “Fools look to to-morrow, and wise folk use to-night. May I pray you, my gracious liege, to retire for one hour, until all the castle is composed to rest? I must go and

rub with oil these blessed implements of our freedom. Courage and constancy, and all will go well, provided our friends on the shore fail not to send the boat you spoke of."

"Fear them not," said Catherine, "they are true as steel; if our dear mistress do but maintain her noble and royal courage."

"Doubt me not, Catherine," replied the queen; "a while since I was overborne, but I have recalled the spirit of my earlier and more sprightly days, when I used to accompany my armed nobles, and wished to be myself a man, to know what life it was to be in the fields with sword and buckler."

"Oh, the lark lives not a gayer life, nor sings a lighter and gayer song than the merry soldier," answered Catherine. "Your grace shall be in the midst of them soon, and the look of such a liege sovereign will make each of your host worth three in the hour of need; but I must to my task."

"We have but brief time," said Queen Mary; "one of the two lights of the cottage is extinguished. That shows the boat is put off."

"They will row very slow," said the page, "or kent where depth permits, to avoid noise. To our several tasks. I will communicate with the good father." 25

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase that descended from the queen's apartment. "Now, turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions

had been so effectual that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but, exchanging a word with the disguised abbot, asked if the boat were ready.

5 “This half hour,” said the sentinel. “She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder, but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again.”

“The darkness,” said the page, “and our profound
10 silence may take her off unobserved, as she came in.

Hildebrand has the watch on the tower — a heavy-headed knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best headpiece upon a night watch. He sleeps for a wager.”

“Then bring the queen,” said the abbot, “and I will
15 call Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat.”

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair, under the guidance of Roland Graeme, and were received
20 at the wicket by Henry Seyton and the churchman. The former seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise.

“My lord abbot,” he said, “give my sister your arm. I will conduct the queen, and that youth will have the
25 honor to guide Lady Fleming.”

This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Graeme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped on before like a sylph, rather leading the abbot than
30 receiving assistance; the queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear and a thousand painful reflec-

tions, moved steadily forward by the assistance of Henry Seyton; while the Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness Roland Graeme, who followed in the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessities belonging to the queen. The door of the garden, which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several,—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation.

Henry Seyton placed the queen in the stern; the abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Graeme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, "Forgotten, forgotten! wait for me but one half minute," he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bedchamber, threw the queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

"By Heaven, he is false at last!" said Seyton. "I ever feared it."

"He is as true," said Catherine, "as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain."

"Be silent," said her brother. "Fellows, put off, and row for your lives!"

"Help me, help me on board!" said the deserted Lady Fleming, *and that louder than prudence warranted.*

"Put off, put off!" cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the queen is safe."

"Will you permit this, madam?" said Catherine, imploringly. "You leave your deliverer to death."

5 "I will not," said the queen. "Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk."

"Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

10 She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Graeme, arriving, bounded from the beach and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth stopped Graeme as he stepped towards the stern, saying:
 15 "Your place is not with high-born dames. Keep at the head and trim the vessel. Now, give way, give way! Row, for God and the queen!"

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously.

"Why did you not muffle the oars?" said Roland
 20 Graeme; "the dash must awaken the sentinel. Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy porridge, this whispering must have waked him."

"It was all thine own delay," said Seyton; "thou shalt
 25 reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters."

But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard.

30 "A boat, a boat! bring to or I shoot!" And as they *continued* to ply their oars, he called aloud, "Treason!"

treason ! ” rang the bell of the castle, and discharged his arquebus at the boat.

The ladies crowded on each other, like startled wild fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more 5 than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark ; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered. 10

“ Pull ! ” again exclaimed Seyton ; “ stretch to your oars or I will spur you to the task with my dagger. They will launch a boat immediately.”

“ That is cared for,” said Roland ; “ I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir 15 from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven and give the keys to the kelpie’s keeping.”

As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the abbot, who 20 till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, “ Now, bless thee, my son ! for thy ready prudence puts shame on us all.”

“ I knew,” said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry, “ I knew 25 my squire’s truth, promptitude, and sagacity.”

The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but it terrified and imposed silence 30 on the liberated prisoners. The boat was alongside of a

rude quay or landing place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and the abbot returned thanks to Heaven which had favored their enterprise.

5 The party of Seyton was increased to about ten by those whose attendants had remained with the horses. The queen and her ladies, with all the rest who came from the boat, were instantly mounted; and holding aloof from the village, which was already alarmed by the
10 firing from the castle, with Douglas acting as their guide, they soon reached the open ground, and began to ride as fast as was consistent with keeping together in good order.

I. **Trōw**: believe; think. **Crāve**: ask. **Wārda**: notches or slits in a key corresponding to ridges in the lock which it fits. **Rōck**: distaff; a staff around which the flax is put, and from which the thread is drawn in spinning. **Pār'ti sara**: weapons consisting of wooden staffs with barbed steel heads. **Our Lady**: the Virgin Mary.

II. **Wāive**: forego. **Es tātē'**: an old word for state. **Būt'tēr y**: a room where provisions are kept. **Tū'tē lar**: guardian; protecting. **Sōōth'sāy ēr**: one who foretells events. **Spēl**: tell; measure. **Cōn tēm'n'**: despise. **Thrift**: business; economy. **Rē-sēt'tēr**: one who receives or conceals, as stolen goods or criminals.

III. **Kent**: to propel with a pole. **Wick'ēt**: a small gate or door, especially one placed near a larger gate or door. **Kēl'pīe**: a water fairy.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.

— BACON.

The Bivouac of the Dead

By Theodore O'Hara

Theodore O'Hara (1820–1867): A southern poet born in Kentucky. He served as a soldier during the Mexican War, and wrote the following poem when the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who had fallen at the battle of Buena Vista were removed to their native state (February 22–23, 1847). This famous poem is the only one of O'Hara's that is generally known.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping ground 5
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind; 10
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms;
 No braying horn or screaming fife 15
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
 Their plumèd heads are bowed;
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud; 20

And plenteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow ;
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now.

5 The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout, are past.
 Not war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 10 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that nevermore may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

 Like the fierce Northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 15 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Comes down the serried foe.
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 20 Was " Victory, or death ! "

 Full many a mother's breath has swept
 O'er Angostura's plain,
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above its moldered slain.
 25 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,
 Alone now wakes each solemn height
 That frowned o'er that dead fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongue resound
 Along the heedless air !
 Your own proud land's heroic soil 5
 Shall be your fitter grave :
 She claims from War its richest spoil —
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field, 10
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield.
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them here,
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by 15
 The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
 Dear as the blood ye gave,
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave. 20
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone 25
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell ;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
 Can dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

Tăt tōō': beat of drums at night, giving notice to soldiers to retreat or to repair to their quarters. **Biv ouac (wāk)**: an encampment at night without tents. **Ān gōs tū rā's plāin**: a battlefield near Buena Vista, Mexico. **Dark and Bloody Ground**: a translation of the Indian name Kentucky, which was the great battleground between the northern and southern Indians. **Spartan mother**: an allusion to the fabled advice of the Spartan mothers to their sons on sending them forth to battle, "Return with your shield or upon it."

The Physical Characteristics of Greece

BY G. S. HILLARD

George Stillman Hillard (1808–1879): An American author and orator. He was the author of "Six Months in Italy," and many orations and lectures.

This selection is from a lecture on "The Connection between Geography and History."

- 5 The peninsula of Greece is remarkable, among the countries of Europe, for those peculiarities which distinguish Europe itself from the other quarters of the globe,—for the number of its natural divisions, and its extent of sea-coast compared with its surface. Though not so large as
 10 Portugal, its extent of seacoast is greater than that of Italy, and twice as great as that of France. Peloponnesus is so embayed and indented by the sea that it has

been aptly likened to the human hand stretched out, with the fingers apart.

Thus the voice of the sea was ever sounding in the ears of the Greek, and from every mountain height its blue waters were seen sparkling in the clear distance. It essentially contributed to the formation of that bold, active, and enterprising spirit which characterized the people. The murmur of its waves is constantly heard in the literature of Greece, as in that of England.

The poetry of Homer is full of ocean influences. Its author must have been familiar with the sea in all its moods, and from childhood "laid his hand upon its mane."

The attachment of the Greeks to the sea is illustrated by an anecdote, which has come down to us, of a Greek islander, who, when he was carried to see the beautiful Vale of Tempe, coldly remarked, "This is well; but where is the sea?"

Greece, too, was as much a land of the mountain as of the flood. It is a region of plains and hollows, lying in the laps of steep mountain ranges, which can in many places be traversed only by narrow passes where the footing is difficult and dangerous. States lying near each other were completely isolated by mountain barriers. Hence it came that Greece was occupied by many distinct communities, differing in dialect and in civil and religious institutions, whose struggles and rivalries afforded a constant excitement to the minds of the inhabitants.

This explains the fact why the history of Greece is so crowded with events, is so fruitful in political instruction, and it is *also one reason* of the beauty and variety of its

literature. Of the various dialects of Greece, no one degenerated into a vulgar or provincial *patois*, but each was a refined language used to express the conceptions best suited to its peculiar character.

5 There were other elements, common in various degrees to the whole of the Grecian peninsula, which aided in the wonderful development of the human mind which there took place. The air was remarkable for its clearness and purity, as is shown by the excellent preservation in which
10 those monuments of art are still found, which have been so fortunate as to escape the destroying hand of man. The climate was admirably suited to develop both body and mind.

The winters were severe in some places, but, generally,
15 there was warmth without heat, and coolness without cold. The cold of winter was tempered by the genial sea breezes, and the heats of summer mitigated by the bracing winds from the mountains, many of whose peaks were covered with snow during the whole year. The soil, with very
20 few exceptions, was of that kind which stimulates and rewards labor; not of tropical luxuriance, but richly repaying the husbandman's toil.

Thus all the influences that were around the ancient Greek were adapted to quicken, animate, and inspire; to
25 give muscular power and nervous sensibility; to create active minds in vigorous bodies; and there is the same analogy between the energetic and practical character of the Greek intellect, and the forms and expressions of nature in Greece, which we observe between the dreamy
30 and speculative cast of the Oriental mind and the exhausting heats and monotonous plains of the East.

Pěi ô pôn nē'sūs: the southern peninsula of Greece. **Pà tois'** (**twā**) (French): a dialect used by ignorant people. **Mit'y gāt ēd**: softened; made less.

Athenian Literature

BY LORD MACAULAY

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay (1800–1859): An English critic and historian. His most important work is a "History of England." He published also a volume of poems, entitled "Lays of Ancient Rome," and many brilliant essays on literary and historical subjects. This selection is from a critique, "On Mitford's Greece."



Lord Macaulay

If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great 5 works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the 10 brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes,

the comprehension of Bacon, the wit of Butler, the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare!

All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been
 5 the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them, inspiring, encouraging, consoling,— by the lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of Pascal,
 10 in the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo, on the scaffold of Sidney.

But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in
 15 which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude? Her power is, indeed, manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the
 20 schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory.

Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form,
 25 the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervish, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels, with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one
 30 glance all the hidden riches of the universe.

Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external



Reconstruction by G. Rehlender

The Acropolis at Athens

advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world, all the hoarded treasures of its primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet 5 unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated, her people have degenerated into timid slaves, her language into a barbarous jargon, her temples have been given up to the successive depre- 10 dations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen ; but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

And when those who have rivaled her greatness shall have shared her fate ; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents ; when 15 the scepter shall have passed away from England ; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some moldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief ; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol, over the ruined dome of our proudest 20 temple ; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts, — her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their 25 origin, and over which they exercised their control.

Marcus Tullius Cīc'ē rō (106 B.C.—43 B.C.): a Roman orator. **Decimus Julius Jū've nāl** (38–120): a Roman poet. **Plās'tic**: having the power to givè form to; forming; molding. **Dān'te (tā) deg'(dāg) ū Ā ū ghī e'ri** (1265–1321): the greatest of Italian poets, the author of the “Divina Commedia.” **Miguel de Çër-**

văn'ts Saavedra (1547–1616): a Spanish writer, author of “Don Quixote.” See page 178. **Desiderius Ērās'mūs** (1467–1536): a Dutch scholar. **Blaise Pās'cal** (1623–1662): a French philosopher and mathematician. **Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Count of Mī-rā beau'** (bō) (1749–1791): a French orator and revolutionist. **Galīlē'ō** (1564–1642): an Italian astronomer. See page 197. **Algernon Sīd neŷ** (1622?–1683): an English patriot, unjustly executed on a charge of treason. **Ās suag'** (swāj) ǝ: relieves; eases. **Dŷ'nas tīǝ**: races or successions of kings. **Dǝp rē dā'tions** (shūnǝ): plunderings; laying waste. **River of the ten thousand masts**: Thames. **Mū tā bīl'ī tŷ**: change.

Greece and her foundations are
 Built below the tide of war,
 Based on the crystalline sea
 Of thought and its eternity.
 Her citizens, imperial spirits,
 Rule the present from the past;
 On all this world of men inherits
 Their seal is set.

— *From “Hellas,” by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY*

The Destruction of Sennacherib

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

- 5 For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved and forever grew still.

- And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 10 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 As cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

- And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
 15 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

- And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 20 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

Cō'hōrts: bands of soldiers. **Āsh'ur**. **Bā'al**: the chief god of certain Eastern peoples. **Sēn nāch'ē rīb** (681 B.C.): a king of Assyria who invaded Judea in the reign of Hezekiah. His army besieged Jerusalem, but was overthrown, and Sennacherib returned in haste to his own country. See 2 Kings xix. 6-36.

Farewell Address

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington (1732–1799). After having served the first two terms as President of the United States, he refused to be elected for a third term, and withdrew from public life. On this occasion he issued a “Farewell Address to the People of the United States,” in which he insisted on the importance of union, and the evils of political connections with foreign nations. Here is a part of the “Farewell Address.”

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so ; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, — the support of your tranquillity at home and your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.

But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth ; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously, directed, — it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness ; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it ; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity ; watching *for its preservation* with jealous anxiety ; discountenanc-

ing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned ; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

To the efficacy and permanency of your union a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute ; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved your essay, by the adoption of the constitution of a government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns.

This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of government ; but the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the executions of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental 5 principle and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to 10 the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels and modified by mutual interests. 15

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the 20 people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterward the very engines which had lifted them to unjust dominion.

Toward the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite 25 not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, 30 *alterations which will impair the energy of the system,*

and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown.

In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions ; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country ; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion ; and remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interest in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to

satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasion by the others, has been evinced by experi- 5 ments ancient and modern ; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them.

If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any partic- 10 ular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation ; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The 15 precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable sup- 20 ports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A 25 volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity.

Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of 30 *investigation in courts of justice*? And let us with

caution indulge the supposition that morality can maintained without religion. Whatever may be ceded to the influence of refined education on minds peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusi of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed extends with more or less force to every species of fr government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, c look with indifference upon attempts to shake the founda tion of the fabric?

Promote then, as an object of primary importance, i stitutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. proportion as the structure of a government gives for to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion shou be enlightened.

Pāl lā'dī ūm: the statue of Pallas, on the preservation which the safety of Troy was said to depend; hence, as he that which affords effectual protection or security. **Pō'ten** powerful. **Spē'cious** (**shūs**): plausible; apparently right. **B pōth'ē sīs**: supposition; something not proved, but assumed account for a fact.

Fortitude

BY MARCUS AURELIUS

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (121-180): A Roman emperor one of the greatest Stoic philosophers, who was celebrated for his wisdom, learning, and virtue. His "Meditations" contain many noble moral precepts. The best English version *that by George Long, from which this passage is taken.*

Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it.

Unhappy am I, because this has happened to me? Not so; but happy am I, though this happened to me, because I continue free from pain, neither crushed by the present nor fearing the future.

Will, then, this which has happened prevent thee from being just, magnanimous, temperate, prudent, secure against inconsiderate opinions and falsehood? Remember, too, on every occasion which leads thee to vexation, to apply this principle: not that this is a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.

The Arsenal at Springfield

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882): The most popular of American poets. He wrote "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and other poems. Many of his shorter poems are household favorites. He was also the author of two prose volumes, "Hyperion" and "Outre Mer."

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms; 15
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!

What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
5 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
10 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war drums made of serpent's skin,
15 The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
20 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
25 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd ! 5
 And every nation, that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ; 10
 And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals, 15
 The holy melodies of love arise.

Mis è rē'rē: mournful music; usually a musical composition adapted to the fifty-first Psalm, which is one of the penitential Psalms of the Roman Catholic church. The Latin version of this Psalm begins with the word *miserere*. **Sým'phō nie**: a symphony is an elaborate musical composition. Here only solemn music is meant. **Rē vēr bē ā'tions (shūng)**: reëchoing sounds. **Harness**: armor. **Saxon hammer**: the battle-ax of the ancient Saxons. **Čim'bric**: of the Cimbri, an ancient tribe of northern Germany. **Tartar gong**: the great war bells of the Tartars. **Battle bell**: used in the civil conflicts of Florence. **Pillāge**: robbery; plunder, especially of enemies in war. **Bē lēa'guēred**: blockaded; surrounded by an enemy. **Dī ā pā'gon**: concord of notes, especially in octaves. **Curse of Cain**: see *Genesis iv. 15*.

The Battle of the Ants

BY HENRY D. THOREAU

Henry D. Thoreau (1817-1862): An American author and naturalist. He was the author of a number of works dealing with nature and its meaning, and he was the friend of Emerson. The following selection is taken from "Walden," the record of two years spent in a little cabin on the shores of Walden Pond, near Concord, Mass.

One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got
 5 hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a duellum, but a bellum, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted
 10 against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

15 It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war, the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise
 20 that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so *resolutely*.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his 10 members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was "Conquer or die."

In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, 15 who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle,—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs,—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and 20 had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus.

He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he 25 sprang upon the black warrior and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to 30 shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded, in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window sill in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce ; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and, when I looked again, the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddlebow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them ; which at length, after

half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know ; but I thought that his indus- 5 try would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war ; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door. 10

Du ăi'lăm: a Latin word for duel. **Băi'lăm**: a Latin word for war. **Myr' (mēr) mī dōnq**: warriors following some great chieftain. **În tēr nē'cīne war**: a war between two parties of the same people; here, "red republicans" and "black imperialists." **With his shield**: the reported advice of a mother to her son in Sparta, a warlike nation of ancient Greece. **A chíl'lēs**: the foremost hero of Homer's "Iliad," the great Greek poem. He remained aloof from the war because of a slight put upon him. **Pă trō'clūs**: a friend whose death Achilles avenged. **Căr'būn cle**: a dark red semiprecious stone. **Hō tēl' des In' (ăng) vā līdes**: a home for disabled soldiers in Paris.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

— SHAKSPEARE

Recessional

A VICTORIAN ODE

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling (1865—): An English poet and novelist, one of the most popular authors of the day. He first attracted attention by his stories of army and native life in India. He has published "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Light that Failed," "Captains Courageous," "The Seven Seas," "Just Day's Work," and other volumes of poems and stories.

The "Recessional," his best-known poem, was written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1897.

God of our fathers, known of old —
 Lord of our far-flung battle line —
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 5 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies —
 The captains and the kings depart —
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 10 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away —
 On dune and headland sinks the fire —
 15 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, 5
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard —
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard. 10
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !

Amen.

Dūne: a low hill of drifting sand, usually on the coast.
Nin'ē veh, in Assyria, and **Tyre**, in Phœnicia: ancient cities so
 completely destroyed that even their sites have been subjects
 of dispute. **Shārd**: fragments; broken pieces of earthenware
 or of other brittle substances.

On National Prejudices

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774): An English author. He is
 best known by his poems, “The Deserted Village,” and “The
 Traveler,” and his one novel, “The Vicar of Wakefield.” He
 also wrote histories of England, Greece, and Rome, several
 comedies, and many essays: Here is one of his essays.

Among a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion
 to talk of the different characters of the several nations of 15

Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants: but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the world.

10 This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company — all, I mean, but your humble servant; who, endeavoring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing
15 on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping, by this means, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

20 But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily: not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments.
25 I therefore told him, that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless

I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of the several nations with great care and accuracy ; that, perhaps, a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labor and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English ; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous, too apt to be elated with prosperity and to despond in adversity. 10

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, traveling, or conversing with foreigners ; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence 15 the conduct, even of our gentlemen ; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman : for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so 20 exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet, if he is not free from the national and all other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman.

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice, 25 that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter ; I answer that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow ; but that it is the natural and neces- 30 sary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and

enthusiasm, too, are the growth of religion; but whoever took it in his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the sprouts of this heavenly plant; but not its natural and general branches, and may safely enough be lopped off, without doing any harm to the parent stock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopped off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigor.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? That I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons? Most certainly it is: and if it were not — but what need I suppose what is absolutely impossible? — but if it were not, I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, namely, a citizen of the world, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a European, or to any other appellation whatever.

Sŷc'ô phants (*fants*): flatterers; hangers on. **Clēm'en cŷ**: mildness; mercy. **Pseū'dō**: false; pretended. **Sŷf'frāge**: vote; assent. **Fāl'lā cŷ**: mistake. **Pōl trōōng'**: base cowards.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

—GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith

BY W. M. THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863): One of the greatest of English novelists. His masterpieces are “Henry Esmond” and “Vanity Fair.” This selection is from a lecture on “Sterne and Goldsmith,” one of a series of lectures on “English Humorists,” delivered first in England and afterward in America.

Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village, where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in 5
idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors and achieve name and fortune: and after years of dire struggle and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a 10
poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home: he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. 15

His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change; as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is 20
the *charm* of his verse, of his style, and humor? His

sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you.

5 Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the

10 villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the "Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has

15 passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

His boy: a village in Ireland, Goldsmith's childhood home. It was the original of Auburn, "The Deserted Village," and Goldsmith's father was the good Doctor Primrose of "The Vicar of Wakefield." **The kind vagrant harper:** after leaving college, Goldsmith made a tour of Europe on foot, and often won a bed and meal from peasants by playing for them on his flute.

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic action is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

— EMERSON

She was a Phantom of Delight

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

William Wordsworth (1770–1850): An English poet. He found poetry in the simplest scenes and incidents of everyday life, and more than any other poet he has helped other people to love and appreciate nature. He wrote “The Excursion,” “Ode on Intimations of Immortality,” and many other poems.

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ; 5
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet 15
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
 The *very* pulse of the machine ;

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 5 A perfect woman nobly planned
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

Some Adventures of Don Quixote

BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616): A Spanish writer. He wrote poems, tales, and dramas, but his fame rests on his romance, “Don Quixote,” the masterpiece of Spanish literature.

Don Quixote was a country gentleman who read romances until his brain became crazed with ideas of chivalry, and he set forth as a knight-errant to fight in behalf of the innocent and oppressed. Sancho Panza, a shrewd but credulous country fellow, was his squire or servant. After many adventures Don Quixote was, just before his death, restored to his right mind.

I

At a certain village in La Mancha in Spain, which I
 10 shall not name, there lived not long ago one of those old-
 fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon
 a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound.
 His diet consisted more of beef than mutton ; and with
 minced meat on most nights, lentils on Friday, eggs and
 15 bacon on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sun-

days, he consumed three quarters of his revenue : the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays ; and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days.

5

His whole family was a housekeeper something over forty, a niece not twenty, and a man who served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse and handle the pruning hook. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser and a lover of hunting. Some say his surname was Quixada, or Quesada — for authors differ in this particular — however we may reasonably conjecture he was called Quixana — *i.e.* lantern jaws — though this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

You must know, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do — which was almost all the year round — he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with such application and delight, that at last he left off his country sports and even the care of his estate ; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with those amusements that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of that kind ; by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had.

25

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that at night he would pore on until it was day and in the day he would read on until it was night ; and thus, by sleeping little and reading much, his brain was exhausted to such a degree that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, picked out of

his books, crowded into his imagination ; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities ; so that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories.

He would say that the Cid was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the Knight of the Burning Sword, who with a single back stroke had cut asunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who at Roncesvalles deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus, the son of the earth. As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of him ; for, though he was one of that monstrous brood who were always intolerably proud and brutish, he still behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

Having thus lost his understanding, the old gentleman unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain ; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well as for the increase of his own honor, to turn knight-errant in the service of the public and roam through the whole world, armed from head to foot and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures ; that thus imitating those knight-errants of whom he had read, following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, — at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honor and renown.

Transported with these agreeable delusions and hurried

away by his mighty expectations, he prepared with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing that he did was to scour a suit of armor which had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner. But when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting, for, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single head-piece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or visor; which, being fitted to the headpiece, made it look like an entire helmet.

Then, to know whether it was cutlass-proof, he drew his sword and tried its edge upon the pasteboard visor; but with the first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week in making. He did not like its being broken with so much ease, and, therefore, to prevent the like accident, he made it anew and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed in the inside of it so cleverly that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so, without any experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

Next, he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out at all corners; however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. The worthy gentleman was four days considering what name to give his horse; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight and withal so excellent in himself should *not be distinguished* by a particular name.

He studied therefore to select such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner had changed his profession, that the horse also should change his title and be dignified with another ; a sonorous word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master.

And thus after many names which he devised, rejected, 10 changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rocinante ; a name, in his opinion, lofty sounding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now ; in a word, a horse before or above all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

15 When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself ; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote.

II

20 These preparations being made, he found his designs ripe for action and thought it now a crime to deny himself any longer to the injured world that wanted such a deliverer ; the more when he considered what grievances he was to redress, what wrongs and injuries to remove, 25 what abuses to correct, and what duties to discharge.

So one fine morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, without acquainting any one with his design, with all the secrecy imaginable, he armed himself from head to foot, laced on his ill-contrived helmet, braced on his

target, grasped his lance, mounted Rocinante, and from the private door of his back yard sallied out into the fields, wonderfully pleased to see how he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprise.

But he had not gone far before a terrible thought 5
alarmed him — a thought that nearly made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind that the honor of knighthood had not yet been conferred upon him, and, therefore, according to the laws of chivalry he neither could nor ought to appear in arms against any pro- 10
fessed knight: nay, he also considered that if he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armor, and not to adorn his shield with any device till he had deserved one by some extraordinary demonstration of his valor. 15

He traveled almost all that day without meeting any adventure worth the trouble of relating, which put him into a kind of despair, for he desired nothing more than to encounter immediately some person on whom he might try the vigor of his arm. 20

Some authors say that his first adventure was that of the windmills; but all that I could discover of certainty in this matter is that he traveled all that day, and toward the evening, he and his horse being heartily tired and almost famished, Don Quixote looked about him, hoping to discover some castle or at least some shepherd's cottage, there to repose and refresh himself. At last, near the road which he kept, he espied an inn, as welcome a sight to his longing eyes as if he had discovered a star directing him to the gate, nay, to the palace of his 30
redemption.

Thereupon hastening toward the inn with all the speed he could, he got thither just at the close of the evening. And as whatever our knight-errant saw, thought, or imagined, was all of a romantic kind and appeared to him altogether after the manner of the books that had perverted his imagination, he no sooner saw the inn but he fancied it to be a castle fenced with four towers and lofty pinnacles, glittering with silver, together with deep moat, drawbridge, and all those other appurtenances peculiar to such kind of places.

Therefore when he came near it, he stopped awhile at a distance from the gate, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements and sound his trumpet to give notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that nobody came and that Rocinante was for making the best of his way to the stable, he advanced to the inn door, where, spying two young maidservants, they seemed to him two beautiful damsels or graceful ladies, taking the benefit of the fresh air at the gate of the castle.

It happened also at the very moment, that a swineherd, getting together his hogs from the stubble field, winded his horn; and Don Quixote imagined this was the wished-for signal which some dwarf gave to notify his approach. Therefore, with the greatest joy in the world, he rode up to the inn.

The girls, affrighted at the approach of a man cased in iron and armed with a lance and target, were for running into the house; but Don Quixote, perceiving their fear by their flight, lifted up the pasteboard beaver of his helmet and displaying his withered, dusty face, with comely grace and grave delivery accosted them in this

manner : "I beseech ye, ladies, do not fly nor fear the least offense. The order of knighthood, which I profess, does not permit me to countenance or offer injuries to any one in the universe, and least of all to ladies of such high rank as your presence denotes." 5

They looked earnestly upon him, endeavoring to get a glimpse of his face which his ill-contrived beaver partly hid ; but they could not forbear laughing outright, which Don Quixote resented as a great affront.

"Give me leave to tell ye, ladies," cried he, "that 10 modesty and civility are very becoming in the fair sex ; whereas laughter without ground is the highest piece of indiscretion. However," added he, "I do not presume to say this to offend you or incur your displeasure ; no, ladies, I assure you I have no other design but to do you 15 service."

This uncommon way of expression, joined to the knight's sorry figure, increased their mirth, which incensed him to such a degree that he might have carried things to an extremity had not the innkeeper luckily 20 appeared at this juncture. He was a man whose burden of fat inclined him to peace and quietness, yet when he observed such a strange disguise of human shape in old armor and on an old horse, he could hardly forbear keeping the ladies company in their laughter ; but, having the 25 fear of such a warlike appearance before his eyes, he resolved to give him good words, and therefore accosted him civilly.

"Sir knight," said he, "if your worship be disposed to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a bed ; as for 30 all other accommodations, you may be supplied to your *mind*."

Don Quixote, observing the humility of the governor of the castle—for such the innkeeper and inn seemed to him—"Sir castellan," said he, "the least thing in the world suffices me; for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose."

With that the innkeeper went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who, having not broken his fast that day, dismounted with no small trouble or difficulty. He immediately desired the governor—that is, the innkeeper—to take especial care of his steed, assuring him that there was not a better in the universe; upon which the innkeeper viewed him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as Don Quixote said.

However, having set him up in the stable, he came back to the knight to see what he wanted, and found him pulling off his armor by the help of the good-natured servants, who had already reconciled themselves to him; but, though they had eased him of his corselet and backplate, they could by no means undo his gorget nor take off his ill-contrived beaver, which he had tied so fast with green ribbons that it was impossible to get it off without cutting them. Now he would by no means permit that, and so was forced to keep on his helmet all night, which was one of the most amusing sights in the world.

III

After suffering several misfortunes in his first quest for adventures, Don Quixote returned home and remained there quietly for a time. Then, persuading a country fellow named Sancho Panza to attend him as his squire, the worthy knight again sallied forth.

As Don Quixote and his squire, Sancho Panza, were discoursing on their way, they caught sight of some thirty or forty windmills in the plain; and, as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished! 5 Look yonder, friend Sancho; there are at least thirty outrageous giants whom I intend to encounter; and, having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils. For they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable 10 service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms. Some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that some-15 times they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go." 20

"It is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and, therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful and unequal combat against them all." 25

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rocinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him and assured him that they were windmills and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary that he did not so much as hear his 30 squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were,

although he was already very near them. Far from that, — “Stand, cowards ! ” cried he as loud as he could ; “stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all.”

5 At the same time, the wind rising, the mill sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, — “Base miscreants,” cried he, “though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance.”

He then most devoutly recommended himself to his lady
10 Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure ; and so, covering himself with his shield and couching his lance, he rushed with Rocinante’s utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at ; and, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled about
15 with such swiftness that the rapidity of the motion immediately broke the lance into shivers and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down Don Quixote fell, rolling a good way off the field.

Sancho Panza ran to help his master, whom he found
20 lying prostrate and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rocinante received.

“Mercy on me ! ” cried Sancho, “did I not give your worship fair warning ? Did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise unless
25 he had also windmills in his head ! ”

“Peace, friend Sancho,” rejoined Don Quixote. “There is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that a necromancer has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the
30 honor of the victory ; such is his inveterate malice against me. But, in the end, all his pernicious wiles and strata-



He rushed with Rocinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill

gems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho; and so, heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor 5 Rocinante, who was half-shoulder-slipped in his fall.

I. **Dôn Quix'ôte**. **Cid**: the surname of Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar (1044 ?-1099), a renowned Spanish knight, who won many victories over the Moors. **Bêr nâr'dô dêl Câr'plô**: a famous Spanish knight, one of the favorite subjects of the old minstrels. **Ăn tã'ús**: according to Greek mythology, a giant slain by Hercules. **Môr găn'te (ta)**: a terrible giant, the hero of an Italian story, who is said to have performed many wonderful exploits and to have been at last killed by the bite of a crab. **Bũ ceph'(cêf) â lûs**: the favorite horse of Alexander the Great. After its death, Alexander built a city called Bucephala in its honor. **Bă b'ê (ă) cã**: the Cid's horse. **Rôci (sê) năn'te (tã)**.

II. **Môat**: a ditch or trench around a castle or fortified place, sometimes filled with water. **Drăw'brîdge**: a bridge which can be raised or lowered at pleasure, placed before the gate of a town or castle, or over a river or canal. **Ap pâr'tê-nanç ăg**: things which belong to some more important thing; adjuncts. **Căs'têl lăn**: warder or keeper of a castle.

III. **Săn'chô Păn'zá**: Don Quixote's servant. **Ėx tîr pã'tion (shũn)**: total destruction. **Côn cêit'**: idea; thought. **Bri'ă-rê ũs**: according to Greek mythology, a giant with a hundred arms. **Dũl cîn'ê â dêl Tô bô'sô**: Don Quixote's lady love. **Nêc'rô măn cêr**: enchanter; magician. **Half-shoulder-slipped**: having almost put his shoulder out of joint.

Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive.

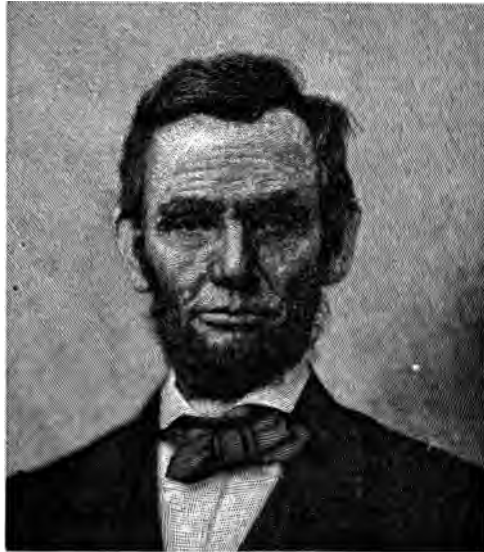
— SCOTT

Gettysburg Address

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865): The sixteenth President of the United States. During his presidency occurred the war between the states, and soon after its close President Lincoln was assassinated.

This eloquent address was delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.



Abraham Lincoln

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing 5 whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here

gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave
 5 men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so
 10 nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;
 - 15 that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

O Captain! my Captain!

BY WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman (1819–1892): An American poet, whose peculiarities of style have kept his work from attaining wide popularity. His chief work is "Leaves of Grass."

"O Captain! my Captain!" written on the death of Lincoln, is the best of his shorter poems.

20 O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought
 is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring.

But, O heart ! heart ! heart !

Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain ! my captain ! rise up and hear the bells !

Rise up ! for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle
thrills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the
shores a-crowding ;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning.

Here, captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead !

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still :

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will. :

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done :

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won.

Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

The Milky Way

BY R. A. PROCTOR

Richard A. Proctor (1837–1888): An English astronomer. His works are “Mysteries of Time and Space,” “The Universe of Suns,” “Familiar Science Studies,” etc.

It is when the Milky Way is studied with the telescope that the true glories of this wonderful zone are seen. A large instrument is not needed. Galileo saw the wonders of the galaxy with his small and imperfect optic tube,—
 5 a telescope which, in our day, though invaluable as a relic of the great astronomer, would be worth but a few shillings so far as its optical performance is concerned.

The smallest telescope which opticians sell for star-gazing, when turned upon certain parts of the galaxy,
 10 will reveal a scene of wonder which is calculated to fill the least thoughtful mind with a sense of the infinite power and wisdom of the Almighty. Countless stars pass into view, as the telescope is swayed by the earth’s rotation athwart the rich regions of the galaxy.

15 There are stars of all orders of brightness, from those which (seen with the telescope) resemble in luster the leading glories of the firmament, down to tiny points of light only caught by momentary twinklings. Every variety of arrangement is seen.

20 Here the stars are scattered as over the skies at night; there they cluster in groups, as though drawn together by some irresistible power; in one region they seem to form sprays of stars, like diamonds sprinkled over fern.

leaves ; elsewhere they lie in streams and rows, in coronets and loops and festoons.

Nor are varieties of color wanting to render the display more wonderful and more beautiful. Many of the stars which crowd upon the view are red, orange, and yellow. Among them are groups of two and three and four (multiple stars, as they are called), amongst which blue, and green, and lilac, and purple stars appear, forming the most charming contrast to the ruddy and yellow orbs near which they are commonly seen. 10

But it is when we consider what it is that we are really contemplating that the true meaning of the scene is discerned, that the true lesson taught by the star depths is understood. The least of the stars seen in the galactic depths—even though the telescope which reveals it be 15 the mightiest yet made by man, so that with all other telescopes that star would be unseen—is a sun like our own.

It is a mighty mass, capable of swaying by its attraction the motion of worlds like our earth and her fellow-20 planets, circling in their stately courses around it. It is an orb instinct with life (if one may so speak), aglow with fiery energy, pouring out each moment supplies of life and power to these worlds. It is a mighty engine, working out the purpose of its great Creator ; it is a 25 giant heart, whose pulsations are the source whence myriad forms of life derive support.

What, then, must be our thoughts when we see thousands and thousands of stars, all suns like our own, and many probably far surpassing him in splendor, passing in 30 stately progress across the telescopic field of view ? The

mind sinks appalled before the amazing meaning of the display. As we gaze at the wondrous scene an infinite significance is found in the words of the inspired Psalmist : " When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy hands, the sun and stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that Thou regardest him ? "

It has been said that with the telescopes with which the Herschels have surveyed the depths of heaven, twenty millions of stars are visible. But these telescopes do not penetrate to the limits of the star system.

In certain parts of the Milky Way, Sir William Herschel not only failed to penetrate the star depths with his gauging telescope, though the mirror was eighteen inches in width ; but even when he brought into action his great forty-foot telescope, with its mirror four feet across, he still saw that cloudy light which speaks of star depths as yet unfathomed. Nay, the giant telescope of Lord Rosse has utterly failed to penetrate the ocean of space which surrounds us on all sides.

And even this is not all. These efforts to resolve the galaxy into its component stars have been applied to portions of the Milky Way which, there is now reason to believe, are relatively near to us. But in the survey of the heavens with powerful telescopes, streams of cloudy light have been seen, so faint as to convey the idea of infinite distance, and no telescope yet made by man has shown the separate stars which doubtless constitute these almost evanescent star regions.

We are thus brought into the presence of star clouds as *mysterious to ourselves* as the star clouds of the galaxy

were to the astronomers of old times. After penetrating, by means of the telescope, to depths exceeding millions of times the distance of the sun, inconceivable though that distance is, we find ourselves still surrounded by the same mysteries as when we first started. Around us and before 5 us there are still the infinite star depths, and the only certain lesson we can be said to have learned is, that those depths are and must ever remain unfathomable.

Gā li(lě)lě'ō, **Gā li(lě)lě'i** (1564-1642): a famous Italian astronomer. **Gāl'āx ŷ**: the groups of stars forming the Milky Way. **A thwart'**: across. **Gāl āc'tic depths**: the depths of the Galaxy or Milky Way. **Hēr'schölē**: Sir William (1738-1822) and Sir John F. W. (1792-1871) his son. Two famous astronomers in England. **Lord Rōse** (1800-1867): an English astronomer who possessed a reflecting telescope with a six-foot mirror.

The Courtship of Miles Standish

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

I

MILES STANDISH

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the
Pilgrims, 10
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan
Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, 15
and pausing

Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
 Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber, —
 Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of
 Damascus,

5 Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic
 sentence,

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling piece, musket,
 and matchlock.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
 10 Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and
 sinews of iron ;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was
 already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in
 15 November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and house-
 hold companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the
 window ;

20 Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
 Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as
 the captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, " Not Angels,
 but Angels."

25 Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the *May*
Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe inter-
 rupting,

Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Cap-
 30 tain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that
hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection !

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders ; 5
this breastplate,

Well I remember the day ! once saved my life in a skirmish ;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles 10
Standish

Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in the
Flemish morasses."

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from
his writing : 15

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed
of the bullet ;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our
weapon ! "

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the 20
stripling :

"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal
hanging ;

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to
others. 25

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent
adage ;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your
inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible 30
army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his
 matchlock,
 Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
 And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers ! ”
 5 This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the
 sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a
 moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :
 10 “ Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer
 planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to
 the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
 15 Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the
 heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians ;
 Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the
 better, —

20 Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or
 pow-wow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon ! ”

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on
 the landscape,

25 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the
 east wind,

Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the
 ocean,

Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sun-
 30 shine.

Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the
 landscape,
 Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was subdued
 with emotion,
 Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded : 5
 “ Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose
 Standish ;
 Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !
 She was the first to die of all who came in the *May Flower* !
 Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have 10
 sown there,
 Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our
 people,
 Lest they should count them and see how many already
 have perished ! ” 15
 Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and
 was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and
 among them
 Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for bind- 20
 ing ;
 Bariffe’s “ Artillery Guide,” and the “ Commentaries ” of
 Cæsar
 Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
 And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing 25
 the Bible.
 Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as
 if doubtful
 Which of the three he should choose for his consolation
 and comfort, 30

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns
of the Romans,

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.

5 Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous
Roman,

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and
in silence

Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb marks
10 thick on the margin,

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of
the stripling,

Busily writing epistles important, to go by the *May*
15 *Flower*,

Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day, at latest, God
willing!

Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible
winter,

20 Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,

Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla!

II

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of
25 the stripling,

Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the
Captain,

Reading the marvelous words and achievements of Julius
Cæsar.

After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand,
palm downward,

Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this 5
Cæsar!

You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally
skillful!"

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, 10
the youthful:

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen
and his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could
dictate 15

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his
memoirs."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing
the other,

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar! 20

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when
he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many
times after; 25

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he
conquered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in 30
Flanders,

When the rear guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
 And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
 5 There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
 Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
 Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
 10 Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
 So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
 That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well
 15 done,
 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
 20 Writing epistles important to go next day by the *May Flower*,
 Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
 Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
 25 cilla,
 Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret, strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
 Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous
 30 cover,

Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :

“ When you have finished your work, I have something 5
important to tell you.

Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient ! ”

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters, 10

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :

“ Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,

Always ready to hear what pertains to Miles Standish.”

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and cull-15
ing his phrases :

“ ’Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;

Every hour in the day, I think it, feel it, and say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and 20
dreary ;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla. 25

She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying, 30

Patient, *courageous*, and strong, and said to myself, that
if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
 Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name
 is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other aban-
 5 doned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared
 to reveal it,

Being coward in this, though valiant enough for the most
 part.

10 Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plym-
 outh,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of
 actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a
 15 soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my
 meaning ;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant
 20 language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and
 wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a
 maiden."

25 When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taci-
 turn stripling,

All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, be-
 wildered,

Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with
 30 *lightness,*

Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his
bosom,

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by
lightning,

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than
answered :

“Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and
mar it ;

If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating
your maxim, — 10

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
others ! ”

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from
his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of
Plymouth :

“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay
it ;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for
nothing. 20

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to
surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare
not. 25

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a
cannon,

But a thundering ‘No !’ point-blank from the mouth of
a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to con-
fess it ! 30

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."

5 Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added :

"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me,

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"

Then made answer John Alden : "The name of friendship is sacred ;

15 What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and molding the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,

25 Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
 All around him was calm, but within him commotion and
 conflict,
 Love contending with friendship, and self with each gen-
 erous impulse. 1
 To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and
 dashing,
 As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
 Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !
 "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamenta- 10
 tion, —
 "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion ?
 Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped
 in silence ?
 Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the 15
 shadow
 Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New Eng-
 land ?
 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of cor-
 ruption 20
 Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion ;
 Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
 All is clear to me now ; I feel it, I see it distinctly !
 This is the hand of the Lord ; it is laid upon me in
 anger, 25
 For I have followed too much the heart's desires and
 devices,
 Worshiping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
 This is the cross I must bear ; the sin and the swift
 retribution." 30

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on
 his errand ;
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over
 pebble and shallow,
 5 Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming
 around him,
 Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful
 sweetness,
 Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in
 10 their slumber.
 "Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan
 maidens,
 Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !
 So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the Mayflower of
 15 Plymouth,
 Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take
 them ;
 Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither
 and perish,
 20 Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his
 errand ;
 Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
 Sailless, somber and cold with the comfortless breath of
 25 the east wind ;
 Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow ;
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of
 Priscilla
 Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan
 30 anthem,
 Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the
 Psalmist,

Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting
 many.
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the
 maiden
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow- 5
 drift
 Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous
 spindle,
 While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel
 in its motion. 10
 Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm book of
 Ainsworth,
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a
 churchyard, 15
 Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the
 verses.
 Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old
 Puritan anthem,
 She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest, 20
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of
 homespun
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of
 her being !
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and 25
 relentless,
 Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and
 woe of his errand ;
 All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had
 vanished, 30
 All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,

Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
 Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
 "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look
 backward ;
 5 Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to
 its fountains,
 Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the
 hearths of the living,
 It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth for-
 10 ever ! "

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel and
 the singing
 Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the
 threshold,
 15 Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of
 welcome,
 Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in
 the passage ;
 For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and
 20 spinning."
 Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him
 had been mingled
 Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the
 maiden,
 25 Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an
 answer,
 Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that
 day in the winter,
 After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the
 30 village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that en-
 cumbered the doorway,
 Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house,
 and Priscilla
 Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the 5
 fireside,
 Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in
 the snowstorm.
 Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he
 spoken ; 10
 Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !
 So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for
 an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the
 beautiful springtime, 15
 Talked of their friends at home, and the *May Flower* that
 sailed on the morrow.
 "I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan
 maiden,
 " Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge- 20
 rows of England, —
 They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a
 garden ;
 Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and
 the linnet, 25
 Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
 Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
 And, at the end of the street, the village church, with
 the ivy
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the 30
 churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.

5 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and
wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : " Indeed I do not condemn you ;

10 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;

So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of
15 marriage

Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth ! "

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —

20 Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,

But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy ;

Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more
25 bluntly.

Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden

Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and ren-

30 dered her speechless ;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :

“If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !”

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, 10

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —

Had no time for such things ; — such things ! the words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made 15
answer :

“Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ? 20

That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another, 25

Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never 30
pected,

Does not attain at a bound the height to which you
 been climbing.

This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's aff
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for on.

5 asking.

When one is truly in love, one not only says i
 shows it.

Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed tl
 loved me,

10 Even this captain of yours — who knows? — at last
 have won me,

Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can happ

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the wor
 Priscilla,

15 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persua
 expanding ;

Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his batt
 Flanders,

How with the people of God he had chosen to
 20 affliction,

How, in return for his zeal, they had made him C
 of Plymouth ;

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree p
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lanca
 25 England,

Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of T
 ton de Standish ;

Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defra
 Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a
 30 argent

Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature ;
 Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how
 during the winter
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as a
 woman's ;
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and head-
 strong,
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable
 always, 10
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little
 of stature ;
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, coura-
 geous ;
 Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England, 15
 Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles
 Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and elo-
 quent language,
 Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival, 20
 Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
 with laughter,
 Said, in a tremulous voice, " Why don't you speak for
 yourself, John ? "

It is needless to say that John Alden won the heart and hand of
 Priscilla after all. The pupils should read the complete poem.

Cordovan leather : leather from Cordova, Spain, a city fa-
 mous for this leather. **Sword of Damascus** : three hundred
 years ago swords most highly esteemed came from Damascus

in Syria, and from Toledo in Spain. The Damascus swords were frequently inscribed with some fitting sentence or motto in the Arabic language. **Matchlock**: an old-fashioned gun discharged by means of a lighted match. **St. Gregory** (542-604): a priest in Rome, afterward Pope. He saw some young English captives in Rome and said of them: "They are not Angles (*i.e.* English), but angels." **Är cä bū cę'rō**: a Spanish soldier armed with an old-fashioned gun. **Inkhorn**: a horn receptacle for ink used by scholars in bygone days. **Cai'ūs Jū'li ūs Cae'ŕ** (100-44 B.C.): the great Roman general and dictator. **How it zēr**: a small cannon. **Ôr'thō dōx**: sound in doctrine. **Säg'ä mōre—Sä'chēm**: Indian names for chieftain. **Pow wow**: an Indian priest or conjurer. **Äs'pí nēt, Säm'ō şēt, Cör'bi tänt, Squan'tō, Tök ä mä hä'món**: names of Indian chiefs. **Cöm'měn tā rīe**: Cæsar's own account of the wars in which he took part. **Bēl līg'ē rent**: warlike. **Ī bē'rī an**: a village in south-western Europe. Iberia included Spain and Portugal. **Cül'ling**: choosing. **Täg i tūrn**: silent; reserved. **Timepiece**: clock. **Ä ē'rī al cities**: homes of the birds high in the trees. **Foundering**: sinking. **Äs'tä röth—Bä'al**: a Phœnician goddess and god. **Martin Lū'thēr** (1483-1546): a famous German reformer. **Psalm book of Äins'worth (wūrth)**: the Puritan hymn book.

Is there for honest poverty,
 Who hangs his head and a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

— ROBERT BURNS

The Battle of Hastings

BY ROBERT WACE

This vivid description of the battle of Hastings is condensed from the version of Wace's account given in Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." Robert Wace (1112?-1184?) was an Anglo-Norman author, who wrote a chronicle in verse of the dukes of Normandy from the invasion of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, to the time of Henry I., King of England.

The battle of Hastings was fought October 14, 1066, between the Saxons under their King Harold and the Normans under Duke William. The duke claimed that Edward the Confessor, the king of England who had preceded Harold and who had died childless, had appointed him heir to the throne of England, and that Harold when on a visit to Normandy had sworn to support his claims. After Edward's death, however, Harold became king. William collected an army and invaded England. By his victory at Hastings Duke William of Normandy became king of England, and Norman institutions and civilization were introduced into Saxon England.

I

Let us suffer the old Norman chronicler to transport our imaginations to the fair Sussex scenery northwest of Hastings, as it appeared on the morning of the fourteenth of October, 1066. The Norman host is pouring forth from its tents, and each troop and each company is forming fast under the banner of its leader. The masses have been sung, which were finished betimes in the morning; the barons have all assembled round Duke William; and the duke has ordered that the army shall be formed in three divisions, so as to make the attack upon the Saxon position in three places.

The duke stood on a hill where he could best see his men; the barons surrounded him, and he spake to them proudly. He told them how he trusted them, and how all that he gained should be theirs, and how sure he felt
 5 of conquest, for in all the world there was not so brave an army, or such good men and true as were then forming around him.

“The men on foot led the way, with serried ranks, bearing their bows. The knights rode next, supporting
 10 the archers from behind. Thus both foot and horse kept their course and order of march as they began, in close ranks at a gentle pace that the one might not pass or separate from the other. All went firmly and compactly, bearing themselves gallantly.

15 “Harold had summoned his men, earls, barons, and vavasors, from the castles and the cities, from the ports, the villages and boroughs. The peasants were also called together from the villages, bearing such arms as they found; clubs and great picks, iron forks and stakes.
 20 Harold knew that the Normans would come and attack him hand to hand, so he had early inclosed the field in which he had placed his men. He made them arm early and range themselves for the battle, he himself having put on arms and equipments that became such a lord.
 25 The duke, as he said, ought to seek him, as he wanted to conquer England; and it became him to abide the attack who had to defend the land. He commanded the people and counseled his barons to keep themselves all together, and defend themselves in a body; for if they once
 30 rated, they would with difficulty recover themselves.
 ‘*The Normans,*’ said he, ‘are good vassals, valiant on foot

and on horseback, good knights are they on horseback, and well used to battle ; all is lost if they once penetrate our ranks. They have brought long lances and swords, but you have pointed lances and keen-edged bills ; and I do not expect that their arms can stand against yours. 5 Cleave whenever you can ; it will be ill done if you spare aught.'

"When Harold had made all ready and given his orders, he came into the midst of the English and dismounted by the side of the standard ; Leofwin and Gurth, 10 his brothers, were with him ; and around him he had barons enough, as he stood by his standard, which was, in truth, a noble one, sparkling with gold and precious stones. After the victory William sent it to the pope, to prove and commemorate his great conquest and glory. 15 The English stood in close ranks, ready and eager for the fight ; and they, moreover, made a fosse which went across the field, guarding one side of their army.

"Meanwhile the Normans appeared advancing over the ridge of a rising ground, and as soon as the two armies 20 were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles, and of horns ; and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready 25 for assault and defense.

"Then Taillefer, who sang right well, mounted on a swift horse, before the duke, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland, of Oliver, and the peers who died in Roncesvalles. And when they drew nigh to the English, 'A 30 boon, sire !' cried Taillefer. 'I have long served you and

you owe me for all such service. To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle !' And the duke answered, 'I grant it.' Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, 'Come on, come on !' 10 What do ye, sirs ? lay on, lay on !' At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward and surrounded and slew him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion.

"The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English 15 defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onward ; all were bold and cast aside fear. And now, behold, that battle was gathered whereof the fame is yet mighty.

"Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns ; and 20 the shock of the lances, the mighty strokes of maces, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back ; one while the men from over sea charged onward, and again at other times retreated. Then came the cunning maneuvers, the 25 rude shocks and strokes of the lance and blows of the swords, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman. When the English fall, the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith ; and the Normans say the 30 English bark, because they understand not their speech.

"*Some wax strong, others weak : the brave exult, but*

the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well ; they pierce the hauberks and cleave the shields, receive and return mighty blows. Again, some press forward, others yield ; and thus in various ways the struggle proceeds.

II

“From nine o’clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o’clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English ; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies, nor do any mischief, how true soever was their aim or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upward into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies’ heads and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme and shot up into the air toward the English ; and the arrows in falling struck their heads and faces and put out the eyes of many, and all feared to open their eyes or leave their faces unguarded.

“The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind ; fast sped the shafts that the English call ‘wibetes.’ Then it was that an arrow that had been thus shot upward, struck Harold above his right eye and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, break-

ing it with his hands ; and the pain to his head was so great that he leaned upon his shield.

“The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that 5 they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily and arranged to draw off and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field ; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked 10 and discomfited much more easily. As they said, so they did. The Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after ; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out that the men of France 15 fled and would never return.

“Thus they were deceived by the pretended flight, and great mischief thereby befell them ; for if they had not moved from their position, it is not likely that they would have been conquered at all ; but, like fools, they broke 20 their lines and pursued.

“The Normans were to be seen following up their stratagem, retreating slowly so as to draw the English farther on. As they still flee, the English pursue ; they push out their lances and stretch forth their hatchets, following 25 the Normans as they go, rejoicing in the success of their scheme and scattering themselves over the plain. And the English meantime jeered and insulted their foes with words. ‘Cowards,’ they cried, ‘you came hither in an evil hour, wanting our lands and seeking to seize our 30 property. Fools that ye were to come ! Normandy is *too far off* and you will not easily reach it. It is of little

use to run back ; unless you can cross the sea at a leap or can drink it dry, your sons and daughters are lost to you.'

"The Normans bore it all ; but, in fact, they knew not what the English said : their language seemed like the baying of dogs, which they could not understand. At length they stopped and turned round, determined to recover their ranks ; and the barons might be heard crying for a halt. Then the Normans resumed their former position, turning their faces toward the enemy ; and their men were to be seen facing round and rushing onward to a fresh *mêlée*. The combatants are many, the plain wide, the battle and the *mêlée* fierce. On every hand they fight hard, the blows are heavy, and the struggle becomes fierce.

15

"And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords and hewed down the barricades, and the English, in great trouble, fell back upon their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

"Duke William pressed close upon the English with his lance, striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led, and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans follow their lord and press around him, they ply their blows upon the English ; and these defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

"Where the throng of the battle was greatest, the men of Kent and Essex fought wondrously well, and made the

Normans again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back, and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his standard.

“Then those who kept close guard by him and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English, and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around and were trampled under the horses, crawling upon the earth and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in the rout, but still the English rallied in places, smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could, beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first and felled him to the earth.

“Loud was now the clamor and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

"And now the Normans had pressed on so far that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost ; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the 5 throng of the battle and struck him on the ventail of his helmet and beat him to the ground ; and as he sought to recover himself, a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

"Gurth saw the English falling around and that there 10 was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin and despaired of any aid ; he would have fled, but could not, for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it 15 was said that he fell under it and rose no more.

"The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain ; but there was so much eagerness and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it 20 was that slew him.

"The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke's having conquered and beat down the standard ; but they still fought on and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. 25 Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold, for certain, was dead ; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field and those fled who could.

30

"William fought well ; many an assault did he lead,

many a blow did he give and many receive, and many fell dead under his hand. Two horses were killed under him, and he took a third when necessary, so that he fell not to the ground, and lost not a drop of blood. But whatever any one did, and whoever lived or died, this is certain, that William conquered, and that many of the English fled from the field, and many died on the spot. Then he returned thanks to God, and in his pride ordered his standard to be brought and set up on high, where the
 10 English standard had stood; and that was the signal of his having conquered and beaten down the standard. And he ordered his tent to be raised on the spot, among the dead, and had his meat brought thither and his supper prepared there. And he ate and drank among the dead,
 15 and made his bed that night upon the field."

I. **Vāv'a sōrē**: vassals or tenants of a baron. **Fōsse**: ditch; trench. **Tā'il le (yō) fēr'**. **Çhār'le māgne** (742-814): a French king, the hero of a legendary chronicle called "The History of Charlemagne and Roland." **Roland, Oliver**: two of Charlemagne's most celebrated knights, or paladins, as they are called. **Rōn çes vāl'es**: a pass in the Pyrenees where Roland and his army were destroyed after a gallant fight. **Guēr'dōn**: reward. **Hæu'bērks**: coats of mail made of interlinked metal rings.

II. **Mê lée' (mā lā')** (French): a fight in which the combatants are mixed in a confused mass. **Vēnt'āl**: that part of a helmet which is arranged to admit air.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

— BURKE

To the Ocean

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay 5
 Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form 10
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime ;
 The image of eternity ; the throne 15
 Of the Invisible ; — even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

— *From "Childe Harold"*

The Sun

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION

Camille Flammarion (1842 —): A popular French writer and lecturer on astronomy and other subjects. He has written "The Wonders of the Heavens," "Popular Astronomy," and other volumes. This selection is from "Popular Astronomy."

The sun is the mighty source from which proceed all the forces which set in motion the earth and its life. It is its heat which causes the wind to blow, the clouds to ascend, the river to flow, the forest to grow, fruit to ripen, and man himself to live.

Everything which moves, circulates, and lives on our planet is the child of the sun. The most nutritious foods come from the sun. The wood which warms us in winter is, again, the sun in fragments; every inch, every pound
10 of wood, is formed by the power of the sun. The mill which turns under the impulse of wind or water revolves only by the sun. And in the black night, under the rain or snow, the blind and noisy train which darts like a flying serpent through the fields and rushes along above the
15 valleys, this modern animal produced by human industry, is still a child of the sun; the coal from the earth which feeds its stomach is solar work stored up during millions of years in the geological strata of the globe.

As it is certain that the force which sets the watch in mo-
20 tion is derived from the hand which has wound it, so it is certain that all terrestrial power proceeds from the sun. It is its heat which maintains the three states of bodies—*solid, liquid, and gaseous*; the last two would vanish, there

would be nothing but solids, water and air itself would be in massive blocks, if the solar heat did not maintain them in the fluid state. It is the sun which blows in the air, which flows in the water, which moans in the tempest, which sings in the unwearied throat of the nightingale. 5 Thunder and lightning are in their turn a manifestation of his power. Every fire which burns and every flame which shines has received its life from the sun. And when two armies are hurled together with a crash, each charge of cavalry, each shock between two army corps, is 10 nothing but the misuse of mechanical force from the same star. The sun comes to us in the form of heat, he leaves us in the form of heat, but between his arrival and his departure he has given birth to the varied powers of our globe. 15

Presented to our mind under their true aspect, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute the most sublime poem which has ever been offered to the intelligence and the imagination of man. The physicist of our day, we may say with Tyndall, is incessantly in 20 contact with marvels which eclipse those of Ariosto and Milton; marvels so grand and so sublime that those who study them have need of a certain force of character to preserve them from being dazed.

And still all this is nothing, or almost nothing, in com- 25 parison with the real power of the sun! The liquid state of the ocean, the gaseous state of the atmosphere; the currents of the sea; the raising of the clouds, the rains, storms, streams, rivers; the calorific value of all the forests of the globe and all the coal mines of the earth; 30 the motion of all living beings; the heat of all humanity;

the stored-up power in all human muscles, in all the manufactories, in all the guns, — all this is almost nothing compared with that of which the sun is capable.

Do we think that we have measured the solar power by enumerating the effects which it produces on the earth?

Error! profound, tremendous, foolish error! This would be to believe still that this star has been created only for the purpose of illuminating terrestrial humanity. In reality, what an infinitesimal fraction of the sun's total radiation the earth receives and uses! In order to appreciate it, let us consider the distance of ninety-three millions of miles which separates us from the central star, and at this distance let us see what effect our little globe produces, what heat it intercepts. Let us imagine an immense sphere traced at this distance from the sun, and entirely surrounding it. Well, on this gigantic sphere, the spot intercepted by our little earth is only equivalent to the fraction $\frac{1}{2138000000}$. That is to say that the dazzling solar hearth radiates all around it through immensity a quantity of light and heat two thousand, one hundred and thirty-eight million times more than that which we receive, and of which we have just now estimated the stupendous effects. The earth only stops in its passage the two thousand-millionth part of the total radiation.

It is absolutely impossible for our conception to imagine such a proportion.

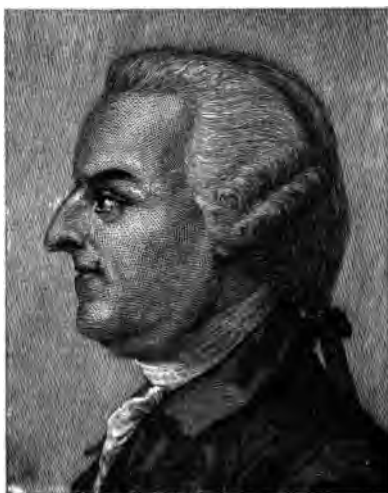
Nũ trĩ'tious (shũs): nourishing. **Ludovico Ā rĩ os'to** (1474–1533): a famous Italian poet. **Cāl ò rĩf'ic**: producing heat. **Ịn sịn ị tễs'ị mal**: very small.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

BY THOMAS GRAY

Thomas Gray (1716–1771): An English poet, the author of a few beautiful poems which were corrected and polished in the most painstaking manner. “The Elegy in a Country Churchyard,” his most famous poem, occupied him during eight years and was rewritten many times.

Among Gray’s other poems are “The Progress of Poesy,” “The Bard,” and “Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.”



Thomas Gray

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The *moping* owl does to the moon complain 10

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
5 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
10 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

15 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
20 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
25 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour : —
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust 5
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 10
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage, 15
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. 20

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command, 25
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 5 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 10 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

15 Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 20 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 25 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead, 5
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
 “ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn 10
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch, 15
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn;
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love. 20

“ One morn I missed him on the ’customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next, with dirges due in sad array 25
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne. —
 Approach and read — for thou canst read — the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

Normans again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back, and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his standard.

“Then those who kept close guard by him and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English, and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around and were trampled under the horses, crawling upon the earth and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in the rout, but still the English rallied in places, smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could, beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first and felled him to the earth.

“Loud was now the clamor and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

"And now the Normans had pressed on so far that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost ; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the 5 throng of the battle and struck him on the ventail of his helmet and beat him to the ground ; and as he sought to recover himself, a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

"Gurth saw the English falling around and that there 10 was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin and despaired of any aid ; he would have fled, but could not, for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it 15 was said that he fell under it and rose no more.

"The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain ; but there was so much eagerness and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it 20 was that slew him.

"The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke's having conquered and beat down the standard ; but they still fought on and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. 25 Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold, for certain, was dead ; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field and those fled who could.

"William fought well ; many an assault did he lead,

many a blow did he give and many receive, and many fell dead under his hand. Two horses were killed under him, and he took a third when necessary, so that he fell not to the ground, and lost not a drop of blood. But whatever any one did, and whoever lived or died, this is certain, that William conquered, and that many of the English fled from the field, and many died on the spot. Then he returned thanks to God, and in his pride ordered his standard to be brought and set up on high, where the 10 English standard had stood; and that was the signal of his having conquered and beaten down the standard. And he ordered his tent to be raised on the spot, among the dead, and had his meat brought thither and his supper prepared there. And he ate and drank among the dead, 15 and made his bed that night upon the field."

I. **Vāv'a sōrē**: vassals or tenants of a baron. **Fōsse**: ditch; trench. **Tāil le(yē) fēr'**. **Çhār'le māgne** (742-814): a French king, the hero of a legendary chronicle called "The History of Charlemagne and Roland." **Roland, Oliver**: two of Charlemagne's most celebrated knights, or paladins, as they are called. **Rōn çes vāl'es**: a pass in the Pyrenees where Roland and his army were destroyed after a gallant fight. **Guēr'dōn**: reward. **Hæu'bērks**: coats of mail made of interlinked metal rings.

II. **Mē lée'(mā lā')** (French): a fight in which the combatants are mixed in a confused mass. **Vēnt'ail**: that part of a helmet which is arranged to admit air.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

— BURKE

To the Ocean

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay 5
 Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form 10
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime ;
 The image of eternity ; the throne 15
 Of the Invisible ; — even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

— *From "Childe Harold"*

is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of not guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the *manifest iniquity* of the decision; and when the court

was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

20

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Says a Chinese manuscript: it is needless to say that this is an imaginary Chinese manuscript. **Cōn fū'cius** (*she ūs*): a Chinese philosopher and teacher 551-479 B.C. **Mast**: food such as nuts, acorns, etc. **Yōūn'kērs**: youngsters. **Nēth'ēr**: lower. **Booby**: clumsy. **Crackling**: the rind of roasted pork.

The Parting of Hector and Andromache

FROM THE "ILIAD" OF HOMER—LANG, LEAF, AND MYER'S
TRANSLATION

Homer, the greatest of Greek poets, is said to have flourished about one thousand years before the Christian era. The two epic poems attributed to him are the "Iliad," describing the siege of Ilium or Troy by the Greeks, and the "Odyssey," describing the adventures of Odysseus and other Trojan heroes after the downfall of Troy. This selection is from Lang, Leaf, and Myer's prose version of the "Iliad." It describes the parting of Hector, the bravest of the Trojan heroes, from his wife Andromache as he goes forth to battle.

Hector hastened from his house back by the same way down the well-built streets. When he had passed through the great city and was come to the Skaian gates, whereby he was minded to issue upon the plain, then came
5 his dear-won wife, running to meet him, even Andromache, daughter of great-hearted Eëtion, Eëtion that dwelt beneath wooded Plakos, in Thebe under Plakos, and was king of the men of Kilikia; for his daughter was wife to bronze-harnessed Hector. So she met him
10 now, and with her went the handmaid bearing in her bosom the tender boy, the little child, Hector's loved son, like unto a beautiful star. Him Hector called Skamandrios, but all the folk Astyanax; for only Hector guarded Ilios. So now he smiled and gazed at his boy silently,
15 and Andromache stood by his side weeping, and clasped her hand in his and spake and called upon his name.

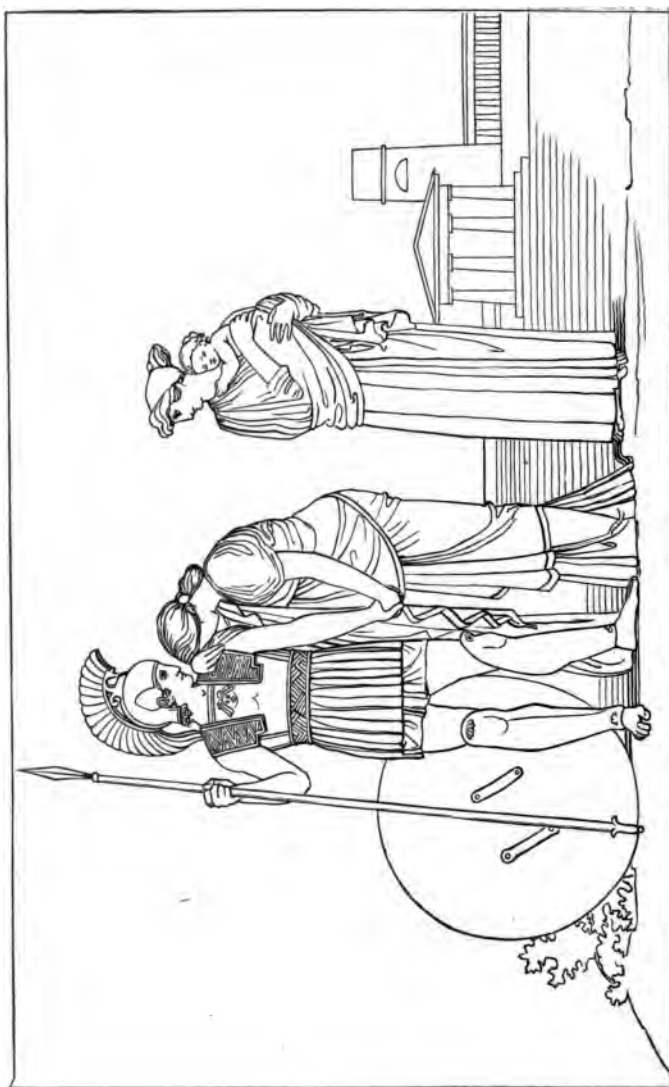
"Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for
me forlorn that soon shall be thy widow; for soon will

the Achaians all set upon thee and slay thee. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for nevermore will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow.

“Moreover, I have no father or lady mother: my 5 father was slain of goodly Achilles, for he wasted the populous city of the Kilikians, even high-gated Thebe, and slew Eëtion; yet he despoiled him not, for his soul had shame of that, but he burned him in his inlaid armor and raised a barrow over him; and all about were elm trees 10 planted by the mountain nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus. And the seven brothers that were mine within our halls, all these on the selfsame day went within the house of Hades; for fleet-footed goodly Achilles slew them all amid their kine of trailing gait and white-fleeced 15 sheep. And my mother, that was queen beneath wooded Plakos, her brought he hither with the other spoils, but afterward took a ransom untold to set her free; but in her father’s halls was she smitten by the Archer Artemis.

“Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, 20 yea, and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow. And stay thy folk beside the fig tree, where best the city may be scaled and the wall is assailable. Thrice came 25 thither the most valiant that are with the two Aiantes and famed Idomeneus and the sons of Atreus and Tydeus’ valiant son, and essayed to enter; whether one skilled in soothsaying revealed it to them, or whether their own spirit urgeth and biddeth them on.” 30

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her:



From the design by Flaxman

The parting of Hector and Andromache

"Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife ; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle. Moreover mine own soul forbiddeth me, seeing I have learned ever to be valiant and fight in the forefront 5 of the Trojans, winning my father's great glory and mine own. Yea of a surety I know this in heart and soul ; the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear.

"Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so 10 much trouble me, neither Hekabe's own, neither King Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So 15 shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, and bear water from the fount Messeis or Hyperia, being grievously entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid upon thee. And then shall one say that beholdeth thee weep: 'This is the wife of Hector, that 20 was foremost in battle of the horse-taming Trojans when men fought about Ilios.' Thus shall one say hereafter, and fresh grief will be thine for lack of such a husband as thou hadst to ward off the day of thralldom. But me in death may the heaped-up earth be covering, ere I hear thy 25 crying and thy carrying into captivity."

So spake glorious Hector, and stretched out his arm to his boy. But the child shrunk crying to the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at his dear father's aspect, and in dread at the bronze and horsehair crest that 30 he beheld nodding fiercely from the helmet's top.

Then his dear father laughed aloud, and his lady mother ; forthwith glorious Hector took the helmet from his head, and laid it all gleaming upon the earth ; then kissed he his dear son and dandled him in his arms, and
 5 spake in prayer to Zeus and all the gods : “ O Zeus and all ye gods, vouchsafe ye that this my son may likewise prove even as I, preëminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and be a great king of Ilios. Then men may say of him, ‘ Far greater is he than his father,’
 10 as he returneth home from battle ; and may he bring with him blood-stained spoils from the foemen he hath slain, and may his mother’s heart be glad.”

So spake he, and laid his son in his dear wife’s arms ; and she took him to her fragrant bosom, smiling tearfully.
 15 And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name : “ Dear one, I pray thee be not of oversorrowful heart ; no man against my fate shall hurl me to Hades ; only destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant, when
 20 once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house and see to thine own tasks, the loom and distaff, and bid thine handmaidens ply their work ; but for war men shall provide, and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios.”

So spake glorious Hector, and took up his horsehair-
 25 crested helmet ; and his dear wife departed to her home, oft looking back, and letting fall big tears. Anon she came to the well-stablished house of manslaying Hector, and found therein her many handmaidens, and stirred lamentation in them all. So bewailed they Hector, while
 30 yet he lived, within his house : for they deemed that he would no more come back to them from battle, nor escape
the fury of the hands of the Achæians.

Ān drōm'ā-ehē. Ē s'tī ōn. Skā mǎn'drī ōs. Ās tŷ'ā nǎx: city king. Ā-~~chīl~~'lē₂: the greatest of the Greek heroes who besieged Troy. Bār'rōw: a large mound of earth or stone raised over the remains of the dead. Aē'gīs-bearing: shield-bearing. Zeus is represented as wearing a shield of storm-cloud, made for him by Hephæstus, the god of fire. Hā'dēs: the ruler of the lower world, the place of the dead. Ār'tē mīs: the moon goddess, whose arrows were said to send upon women a speedy and painless death. Ai ān'tē₂. Ī dōm'ē neus: a Greek hero, king of Crete. Sons of Ā'treus: Agamemnon, the leader of the Greeks against Troy, and Menelaus, at whose solicitation the war was undertaken. Tŷd'eus' valiant son: Diomedes, a Greek hero second only to Achilles in heroic qualities. Hēk'ā bē or Hēc'ū bā: the wife of Priam, king of Troy. Mēs sē'is. Hŷp ē-rī'ā. Thral'dōm: bondage; slavery. Wēen: think.

Sonnet: On First Looking into Chapman's "Homer"

BY JOHN KEATS

John Keats (1795–1821): An English poet of much promise cut short by an early death. He wrote "Endymion," "Hyperion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other poems.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told 5
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken; 10
 Or like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men

Looked at each other with a wild surmise, —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Dē mēsne': a lord's private property kept for his own use.
George Chapman (1557–1634): an English poet who made a spirited translation of Homer into English verse.

The Renaissance

FROM "LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY," BY M. J. GUEST

The time was a most interesting one. All sorts of wonderful things were being done or thought, which excited
 5 the minds of men, opened their eyes, and stirred their hopes. The old times, which were almost worn out, were passing away, and new ones were beginning. This period at the close of the Wars of the Roses was the end of the Middle Ages, and the death of the feudal system.

10 But if it was the death of one order of things, it was the life and new birth of others, as is expressed by the very name which this period often bears — the Renaissance, the being born again. In some ways men now went back to very old times, which had been long buried
 15 and nearly forgotten, and, as it were, brought them to life again. And many quite new and wonderful things came to life now also, so that it was a time of great spirit and stir, full of eagerness and anticipation and wonder.

We shall first notice one or two of the quite new things
 20 which came into life, and then some of the quite old ones which were revived.

First, then, we may almost say the world itself grew larger, as if to make room for the great hopes and schemes of men, by the discovery of America. Hitherto only the
 25 *three continents* of Europe, Asia, and Africa had been

known ; but now the two great Americas were added to the map of the world. At first, of course, only small parts were touched at and discovered ; but whatever was seen and gradually approached must have struck the imagination very forcibly.

5

In America everything seems immense ; the mountains, the rivers, the lakes are all on a vast scale compared with any of those in Europe. As travelers saw more and more of these they must have been amazed. Then there was the wonderful vegetation : the infinite forests, the giant trees, the climbing plants, the flowers : the strange animals, lovely humming birds, and uncouth alligators ; and, again, the curious red-hued men ; some half savage, some civilized after a fashion of their own, with their religion, their temples, their arts and history and legends. In this region, too, there were great stores of gold, which has always had a fascination for the eyes of man. The alchemists, with all their toil, had never succeeded in making one of those pure, shining grains ; but here it was in abundance. All this was very exciting and animating. It was really a new world opening. Never, in all our lives, can we know what it was to find oneself living on the brink of such a wonderland as America seemed for the first hundred years or more after its discovery.

It would have been a great pride and pleasure to have been able to say that England had the glory of discovering, or even helping to discover, this new world beyond the sea. It was almost by chance that she did not, as Christopher Columbus, who could not find any one to help him with money or ships, though he applied to Genoa, Portugal, and Spain, one after the other, at last sent his brother Bartholomew to England, to see if its king would

25

30

help him. Henry VII., notwithstanding his love of money, was a very sagacious, sensible man and was thought very highly of throughout Europe.

Unfortunately, the brother of Columbus in traveling to
 5 England fell among thieves, or pirates, who stripped him so far literally of his raiment, that when he at last got to London he was in such miserable plight as not to have even a decent coat in which he could venture to appear at court. Before doing anything else he was obliged to try
 10 and earn money ; and this he did by drawing and selling maps. This in itself shows a kind of intellectual activity among the people ; had they not taken some interest in geography they would not have wanted Bartholomew's maps. At last he contrived to get access to the king,
 15 laid before him all his brother's schemes and ideas, and met with a favorable reception. Henry was quite sensible enough to see, what so few others could, how likely Columbus was to prove right.

Columbus, it should be remembered, did not expect to
 20 discover a new world at all, but only to get round that way to India, and this was how the islands at which he first arrived received the name of the " West Indies." People had long been convinced that the world was not, as the ancients had thought, flat like a plate, but round
 25 like a globe ; and even two or three hundred years before this had had ideas that it might be possible to sail all around it, though no one had ever dared try to do so. They were, however, learning to take long voyages now. Sometime before this the mariner's compass had been in-
 30 vented, by the help of which sailors might venture to *cross the sea*, instead of only keeping near the land as the *Greeks and Romans* used to do.

Henry was favorably inclined to the scheme of Columbus, and though he hesitated before making up his mind, it is quite possible that, but for Bartholomew's long delay, he would have been the one to fit out the expedition and send the discoverer on his way. But meanwhile Columbus himself, not hearing any news from his brother, had gained the favor of Queen Isabella of Castile, and it was she who had the honor of helping him to America.

Thus the discovery of the New World cannot be called part of the history of England ; but a few years afterward Henry did send out an expedition to the new continent, headed by Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian, who had settled in England. He discovered many other parts of North America and the island of Newfoundland, the very parts which are now filled with Englishmen. This we may call the beginning of England's great colonial empire.

It was not very long after this that people began to understand more about the real system of the universe. In the Middle Ages, men believed that the earth was fixed in the center of all things, and that the sun and stars and planets revolved around it, each in its own sphere. But now an astronomer named Copernicus, a native of Prussia, began to understand that this was not so ; that the earth was not fixed and immovable, and the center of the universe, but a planet like Mars and Venus and the others ; and that they all revolved around the sun, just as we now know to be true. This was another great discovery, and was the beginning of modern astronomy.

In some other things men really made great progress by going back. One of these was learning, the other was religion.

We know that long ages ago, before Christ came, when

the Germans and French and English were still wild savages, there had been a wonderfully great and civilized nation living in Greece. Up to this hour we still feel that the Greeks in many ways were far higher than ourselves. They had great poets, whose works we love to read, and the greatest of modern Englishmen still try to translate them. Others of the Greek poets wrote grand plays, both tragedies and comedies.

Again, they had philosophers, who still seem to us wiser than any one but Christ and the prophets and apostles.

They had historians who wrote the most delightful and interesting histories. They had artists who could carve and sculpture marble more wonderfully than any one can do now, and from whom all modern artists learn lessons of beauty and grace. And they had architects who built magnificent temples, such as most modern architects have tried to imitate.

Besides all this, the New Testament, as we know, was in Greek. But for many centuries nobody had been able to read all those wonderful books — the poetry or the history or the philosophy. Nobody knew Greek ; only learned men knew Latin, and the Latin had become very bad and absurd. Mediæval Latin is most unlike real good Latin. The clergy looked on Greek as a wicked and heathenish language ; all they knew of the Bible was from a very imperfect translation into Latin called the Vulgate ; all they knew of the philosophers, of Plato and Aristotle, was from some translations made by the Arabs into Arabic, and out of Arabic translated again into Latin, with notes added which often quite altered the sense.

But just now a great disaster befell Europe, which, as so frequently happens, brought some good after it. This

was the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. The good that came out of this evil was, that numbers of learned Greeks, being driven from their homes, came into Italy, and especially to Florence, where the people were already very fond of literature and art, and taught them Greek.

Now the Italians began to read all those wonderful books which had been hidden away so long, and to take intense pleasure and delight in them. They began, too, to leave off the miserable mediæval Latin of the monks, and to read the best books which the Romans had written in old days. And we may imagine how busy the new printing-presses were, which seemed to have been invented just at the right moment to help the busy, happy scholars.

This was called the Renaissance, or New Birth of learning. Some of the wisest and best of the scholars of England, hearing of its fame, traveled to Italy to get their share; to learn Latin and Greek, and to bring them back to England.

Re nâis sânce': the period marked by the revival of classical learning and art in Italy and in other countries. **Âl'chê mîsts**: those who practice alchemy, an imaginary art by which baser metals were to be turned to gold. **Mê dī aē'val Latin**: Latin of the Middle Ages. **Plā'tō** (429-347 B.C.): a Greek philosopher who probably has contributed more than any other philosopher to the moral and intellectual culture of the human race. **Âr'is tōt le** (384-322 B.C.): a Greek philosopher, the pupil of Plato, "the father of inductive philosophy," and the founder of the sciences of logic and natural history.

Phonic Chart

Vowels

ā as in hāte	ě as in mět	û as in tûbe
â as in senâte	ē as in hēr	û as in pictûre
ă as in hăt	ī as in pīne	ũ as in tũb
ä as in fār	î as in îdea	ų as in pull
ą as in ąll	ï as in pïn	û as in fûr
å as in åsk	ĩ as in sīr	ü as in rûde
â as in câre	ô as in nôte	oi, oy as in oil, toy
ē as in mē	ô as in viôlet	ou, ow as in out, now
ê as in bēlieve	ö as in nôt	ōō as in mōōn
		ōō as in fōōt

Equivalents

ą=ö as in whąt	ĩ=ē as in bīrd	ô=ą as in hōrse
ę=â as in they	ǫ=ōō as in dǫ	ô=ũ as in sôn
ê=å as in thêre	ǫ=ōō or ų as in	ÿ=ī as in flÿ
ĩ=ē as in police	woman	ÿ=ĩ as in hÿmn

Consonants

c as in call	g as in get	th as in this
ç as in çent	ğ as in ğem	ŋ (=ng) as in inŋk
ch as in chase	s as in same	x (=ks) as in vex
eh as in ehorus	ş as in haş	x (=gs) as in exist
çh as in çhaise	th as in thin	

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